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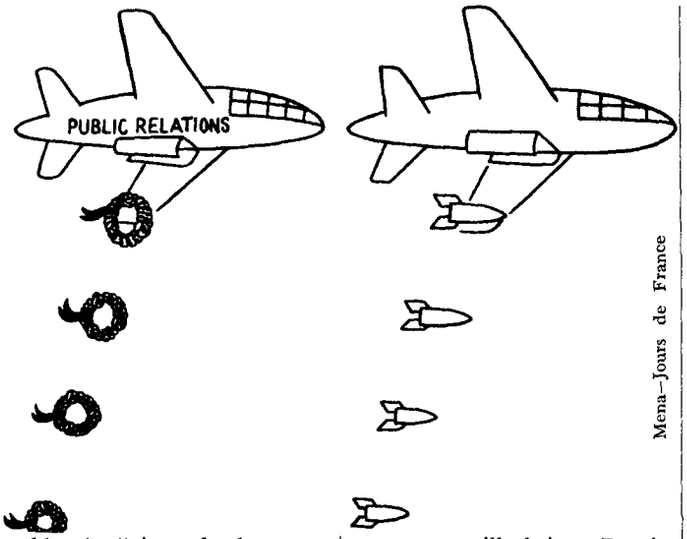
NEWS & VIEWS



Mena—Jours de France

Nixon and Vietnam

The new Nixon military policy for Vietnam is one of "selective escalation," in the opinion of *Washington Watch,* provocative newsletter of Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace.

The policy is seen, in essence, as a sophistication of the Gulf of Tonkin doctrine.

"If escalations can be sold as individual strikes in retaliation for specific enemy acts, they will be accepted by the American people." That's the rationale.

What's more, the policy is already operative. *Washington Watch* claims it explains the Jan. 28 bombing of a missile site near the Mugia Pass, 90 miles inside North Vietnam, and other attacks on Quangbinh and Hatinh provinces in the north.

Washington Watch does not approve. "Selective escalation," it maintains, is "tacit admission that 'Vietnamization' is not working."

Another indication of that failure, according to *WW*: the Nixon threat to deal "strongly" with any enemy attempt to take advantage of U.S. troop withdrawals.

This is the way Nixon put it at his Jan. 30 press conference:

"If at the time we are attempting to deescalate the fighting in Vietnam, we find that they take advantage of our troop withdrawals to jeopardize the remainder of our forces by escalating the fighting, then we have the means and I am prepared to use those means strongly to deal with the situation, more strongly than we have dealt with it in the past."

Says *Washington Watch*: "This is a change from earlier assurances that the ARVN (South Vietnamese) could take care of any contingency."

More importantly, *WW* adds, it "gives further credence to reports the President may be thinking of tactical nuclear weapons."

Nuclear weapons! Could Nixon really be so reckless?

"Sure," says Tristram Coffin, editor of *Washington Watch.*

Could be, says Richard J. Barnet of the Institute of Policy Studies.

"There is only one escalation measure which has credibility," Barnet wrote recently in *New York Review of Books*, "and that is the use of nuclear weapons. It is not hard to imagine the Joint Chief of Staffs exerting enormous pressure on the President to authorize the use of a small nuclear weapon to relieve the pressure on the American garrisons of a full-scale Viet Cong and North Vietnamese attack."

Could Nixon be so persuaded? Coffin believes yes. Barnet also leans to that view, noting "there is a Republican view of history, which Nixon appears to believe, that Eisenhower ended the Korean war by threatening to use the atomic bomb."

It's a sobering thought, and it sobers no one more than Barnet. "The war in Vietnam is not dribbling to an end," he warns. "It is moving steadily toward its most dangerous crisis."

Barnet's fear is the fear of all those who take seriously the hints of the North Vietnamese: that nuclear weapons will bring Russia and China into the war. In which case, God help the world.

Policing the Campus

YAF, the ultra-right student group which would save the university from the "cadres of the Marxist revolution," has something after all, which SDS doesn't have: a convention greeting from Richard Nixon (". . . in your ranks reside the civic spirit and enthusiasm so necessary to activate the youth of America . . . You have recognized the value of past traditions" etc., etc., etc.).

YAF (Young Americans for Freedom, naturally) is featuring the endorsement in a solicitation of funds for its legal action coffers. The group plans suits against New Left disrupters and "delinquent school administrators."

Trading on Religion

Still in business and still trampling religious sensibilities is United Societies of America, the McKeesport, Pa., organization which peddles hospital insurance to Catholics.

You'd expect the company to be mining the Catholic press almost exclusively, but, woe and behold, there it is in the daily newspaper.

The Feb. 10 Newark *Evening News* carried a full-page advertisement as embarrassing as any of those old diocesan press ads which sold Lourdes water in rosary beads.

The offensiveness began with the statement of conditions for qualifying for insurance:

"Membership is limited to members of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of which His Holiness The Pope of Rome is the visible head. The only other requirement is that your enrollment form must be mailed no later than midnight of the date shown."

For art, the ad featured the countenances of two monsignors and a 4x5½-inch reproduction of a papal blessing from Paul VI.

The net effect was to induce a bit of the sickness the company would insure against.

The Philadelphia Scene

The peace community's raid on three Selective Service centers in Philadelphia the weekend of Feb. 7 did not go off as smoothly as planned.

A security guard surprised raiders at the Federal Building draft offices and two were apprehended.

Several others escaped on foot after failing to start a vehicle with an inscription on its side reading "Community Service Corps—Cardinal's Commission on Human Relations."

Quotes of the Week

—Patrick O'Donovan of the *London Observer* on the Pope's domicile: "The Vatican has much in common with Lhasa, in Tibet. It is splendidly visible yet finally inaccessible."

—Raymond Gauer, representative of the National Association of Holy Name Societies, on religion's real worry: "I would have to call Copenhagen the Sodom and Gomorrah of modern times. It is the greatest threat to our Judaeo-Christian way of life of anything in the world today."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Remembering Fr. Reinhold

Sunnyside, Wash.

To the Editors: As commemoration of the second anniversary of Father H. A. Reinhold's death approaches, we would like to share with your readers the information that a lasting tribute to our pastor of twelve years has been established by formation of the H. A. Reinhold Memorial Educational Fund, Inc., P.O. Box 269, Sunnyside, Wash. The scholarships and grants for furthering Catholic education which will be made from this fund will not only perpetuate his name but also a work close to the heart of our mutual friend and associate. We solicit participation in this tax-exempt memorial.

EUGENE P. CHARVET, JR.
Sec'y-Treas.

The Free Ministry

Oakland, Calif.

To the Editors: For the benefit of your readers who may wish to obtain more information concerning the Society of Priests for a Free Ministry ["The Free Ministry," Jan. 23] would you kindly list the address of SPFM's national office:

761 Kingston Ave. #4
Oakland, Calif. 94611

THOMAS J. DURKIN
Exec. Sec'ry, SPFM

Co-opting the Prophetic

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: James Schall's "Caesar as God" [Feb. 6] displays a peculiarly shallow memory of American history. The concept of the secular state separated from religion may exist on the books or in a few legal minds, but the tradition in which this country was founded was quite different. Successive waves of immigrants, beginning with the Puritans indeed assumed the creation of a new *civitas dei* in which the Kingdom of God would be incarnated in the political kingdom. Although,

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REMOBILIZING FOR PEACE

The fast outside the White House of religious leaders and lay people concerned about peace in Vietnam is several days now into a period which is to extend through Lent and Passover until April 27. The purpose of the fast is simple enough: to say no in a new way to the war which eats away at the fabric of American life. The sponsors expect no miracles; "we have no illusions about the possibility of peace being declared because of our actions," their literature declares. It's a hard, if sad, realism. For it is indeed extremely doubtful how much effect the action will have on the nation's chief policy maker. Anyone who could shockproof himself against hundreds of thousands outside his front door merely by switching on a TV football game, as Richard Nixon did last November, should have minimum difficulty blocking out the impact of a relative handful of quiet fasters. Likewise, it is doubtful how much impact the fast will have on the great body of Americans. Fasts can turn around the history of an Ireland or an India, but they have never been an effective instrument of American politics. The psyche of a nation has to change drastically for the White House fast to be different.

All this is said not to demean the idealism of the fasters. The gesture is admirable; it does add an impressive religious dimension to dissent; it merits emulation by local groups planning vigils before Federal buildings, draft boards, military centers and other symbols of the establishment. However, the fast is still essentially a gesture, and, given the political crisis of American life, gestures of this sort tend almost to be counter-productive, since they too easily translate as deterioration of the movement. Nothing must gladden the hearts of the hard-liners more than to see the ranks of dissenters to the war shrink from marching millions to small bands struggling to keep the witness for peace alive.

The tragedy of this situation is beyond calculation, for if the peace movement peters out, what else is there to call the nation to its senses over Vietnam? The Senate Foreign Relations Committee? It has been neutralized as a forum for dissent, momentarily at least, through the Administration's co-option of public opinion and some polished mop-up exercises, like the equipping of Vice President Agnew with a few anti-Committee speeches and the dispatching as lecturers to citizen groups carefully chosen Strange-

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love veterans of Vietnam . . . Another coalition of legislators? Dovish senators and congressmen appear never to have been more isolated from one another . . . The Democratic Party? It is in such disarray that only satirists seem to be paying it attention. Senator Fred Harris, on resigning as Democratic National Chairman, quipped that anyone could buy the party for $1500. Things are that bad. The party is deep in the ashes of the pyre it lighted for itself in Chicago in August '68. Though this is precisely the fate the party deserves, it is a pity so far as issues are concerned, for it sums to a stilling of more of the opposition.

What this means is that the peace community must shoulder almost by itself the challenge of ending the war *now*, not later according to any dreamy scheme of Vietnamization or whatever the subsequent euphemism happens to be for victory or for keeping dissidents quiet while the war goes on. Plans are not lacking. Peace groups have mapped a program which focuses during successive months on civil rights, the draft, military resistance and the economic drain of the war. Massive antiwar demonstrations are envisioned for the week of April 13-18, with student strikes set for high schools and colleges on April 15.

The engagement of the student population is especially crucial to the success of these spring demonstrations, for without the younger generation the peace movement may well have had it. There has been a noticeable ebbing of enthusiasm for the peace issue among students, and the worry is whether the passion and dedication for peace which was once there can be recovered and reactivated. Charles Palmer, president of the National Students Association, does not fire one's optimism. "People are just down," he remarked recently. "You go five years without a victory, you lose and you lose and you lose." The first moratorium was an "up," he acknowledged, but when last November's mobilization was over, student leaders looked back on it as just a futile exercise. "We could have shown up with one million people and it wouldn't have made any difference," he commented.

It is easy to appreciate the disenchantment of which Palmer speaks; one of youth's clearest and finest characteristics has always been an impatience for immediate results. But this impatience should not impel young people to dismiss their successes of the past, any more than it should incline them to throw up their hands at the tasks of the present. Lyndon Johnson was also slow in responding to demands for peace, but when he did respond it was not only to the persuasions of counselors like Clark Clifford, but students as well. Not even Mr. Johnson's own subtle reordering of history in his CBS interviews can disguise that fact.

But if past results are not enough to inspire continued student dissent to the war and the evils of the system, Spiro Agnew should. Youth should not accept placidly Agnew's remarks that he would trade "the whole damn zoo" of anti-establishment dissents for a platoon of Americans serving in Vietnam; that's a libel to rank with anything to come from the American leadership, *ever*. Nor should youths idly let come to pass the Agnew vision of the day when young Americans will be the establishment itself, latter-day counterparts to what exists at present, provided, he counsels, they listen now to Richard Nixon. Today's youth wants something better for itself and for America. That has to be made plain.

All of which is to say that the generation of young Americans which has distinguished itself by its passionate concern for peace and justice must be wary of any withering away of that commitment. The big test will come over the months of the spring mobilization. Youth is our best chance for turning the country around. But first youth must bestir itself anew. If it doesn't, the peace movement will be back where it was in the early-Johnson era—and the student generation will have slipped toward the '50s, the so-called apathetic years. Neither eventuality is pleasant to contemplate.

The Bear & the Dragon At War over Science

It is well known that in a boxing match the wiser fighter retreats frequently, while the more stupid one charges headlong and squanders his strength right from the start. —*Chairman Mao*

The Chinese government has not and does not demand return of the territory seized by tsarist Russia through unequal treaties. . . . China and the USSR have no grounds for fighting over the territorial question.

—Red Flag *(Peking), November, 1969*

The wave of Soviet jingoism and saber-rattling provoked by last year's fighting along the Chinese border seems to have persuaded Peking to cool it. The Chinese are still holding their own in the battle of invective, but Western China-watchers report signs of trepidation behind the armor. Visitors to the Chinese mainland bear this out with accounts of frantic defense preparations.

Given hints from Moscow, some of them traceable to public declarations of Soviet marshals, that a pre-emptive nuclear strike against China may be on the drawing-board, Peking's restraint is understandable. Whether it will mollify Soviet hawks is another question. The Russians, too, have their fears, as typified by their "joke" about war breaking out between the two countries: the Soviets take several million prisoners daily, until on the third day Mao wires the Kremlin: "Do you give up?"

Dread of Chinese numbers and Chinese fanaticism, fed

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by Soviet press coverage of the excesses of the cultural revolution and the Mao cult, crops up with pathological regularity in conversations between foreigners and Russians, including some close to the decision-making level. There has been talk in Moscow, even in "responsible" quarters, of "getting it over with" by acting first.

Still, there are grounds for optimism that war between China and Russia, having made good copy for the sideline Cassandras of journalism, will not take place. The fact that Kosygin and Chou En-lai could meet last year despite the bloodshed along the border and the bitterness of propaganda charges and counter-charges, speaks for the presence of reasonable elements in both camps. There is also a hopeful sign in the failure of the frontier skirmishes to escalate, so far. If the Chinese are serious in renouncing claims to restoration of large areas once ceded to the tsars, then the territorial problem is reduced to delineation of minor ambiguities, such as the ownership of Damansky Island in the Ussuri River. (Until it is settled, there may be further flare-ups.) Also reassuring is that we are now told that the population of mainland China is probably only about 750 million, or substantially less than the estimates used by some alarmist observers who predicted that demographic pressures would drive hordes of coolies, willy-nilly, across the Soviet border. Furthermore, each side is beset with economic difficulties and can ill afford the drain of a major war. And above all, the leaderships of both countries have sustained painful political losses during more than a decade of schism; they have much to gain from a rapprochement.

Does that mean that elimination of the war threat could lead to a new era of good feeling, perhaps even a return to the "monolithic unity" of an earlier day? So felicitous an outcome is hardly in the offing.

From an outsider's perspective it is easy to underestimate the role of ideology in Sino-Soviet relations, to think of the quarrel in terms of the "normal" national disputes that afflict other states. There is a familiar logic in the simplistic version, dramatized by newspaper writers and television reporters, that the ideological feud is mere window-dressing for a deeper conflict of crass national interests. To accept this neat encapsulation is to ignore the Leninist roots of the two systems.

As every Russian (and every Chinese) schoolboy knows, Marxism-Leninism is a science. Like other sciences it has laws, which in its case govern the development of society. For those charged with living in a society under Marxist-Leninist laws, the existence of conflicting interpretations poses hopeless problems, both for rulers and ruled. Their plight is in some ways analogous to that of a laboratory experimenter suddenly confronted with two different versions of Newton's law. In a system where the prevailing science governs not only laboratory experiments but civic duty and social relationships, the confusion can be massive.

For many years now, two competing fountainheads of Marxism-Leninism have existed before the eyes of mankind. This has raised a natural question: "If more than one, then why not more than two?" The result has been polycentrism in the world Communist movement, if one may still call it that. In Eastern Europe the original impetus to revisionism may have come from Krushchev's de-Stalinizing speech in 1956, but disarray of "proletarian internationalism" engendered by the Chinese has done much to keep it alive. Even French and Italian Communists, whose ideological heresy has tended to the opposite pole from Chinese "dogmatism," have received a certain sanction from the fact that others were thumbing their noses at Moscow. In Asia, Africa and Latin America, the Soviet and Chinese challenges to each other's ideological primacy of national-liberation movements has been particularly debilitating to their influence, reducing the parties to the use of money and arms to gain allegiances—just like vulgar imperialists. The competition has even raged in the rivals' own backyards, with overt efforts made to subvert national minorities: a particularly sensitive area in the USSR, where half the population is non-Russian and Chinese, taunts about "new tsars" may not fall on deaf ears. (Recently a high-level Moslem Communist in Soviet Central Asia spoke out against "mechanical copying" of Russian ways, aping a phrase coined by the Chinese back in 1956 to further their struggle against Moscow hegemony.)

As long as the leaderships on either side think of themselves as Marxist-Leninists, they can scarcely be content with basing their mutual relations on mere "peaceful coexistence" of the kind that serves for dealings with the bourgeois world. Only unity and uniformity can restore the harmony that is an ideological imperative. Yet this implies submission by one side to the other, hardly likely without duress of some kind. Perhaps most ominous is the fact that Moscow, which as would-be leader of the world movement suffers most from the split, is also the side which enjoys superiority in strategic weapons. If there ever is a pre-emptive Soviet strike against China, it may wear a nationalist justification but there will be an underlying ideological cause. If, on the other hand, common sense prevails there will continue to be sniping, at least the verbal kind.

As a bystander, the U.S. has little to gain and much to lose by heeding the advice of those who would have it take sides. One success to date of the American policy of no favorites has been Chinese agreement to resume the Warsaw talks. At the same time, Soviet desire not to have the U.S. drift too far China-ward may have played a part in Moscow's agreement to discuss strategic arms limitation. Perhaps we have acquired new wisdom, thanks to the hard lessons of the decade just past.

JAMES CRITCHLOW

(James Critchlow, a regular contributor, is an authority on Soviet affairs.)

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SETTLING WITH LAY TEACHERS

TODAY CHANCERY, TOMORROW ALBANY

It's safe to say that even the strongest who toil behind the grim-faced edifice of the New York Archdiocesan Chancery on Madison Avenue must now and then long for a quieter, more understanding world. But, as befits the times, such flights of fantasy must be put away with a sigh and battle must be done with the demon secularists who everywhere preside. A few weeks ago Gibraltar lost another round and the Catholic Lay Teachers won themselves a union contract.

While the final terms of the settlement were hardly what one might characterize as precedent-setting when compared to current salaries paid public school teachers, nonetheless it would seem that some breach may have been achieved in the wall of smug indifference to the world outside, which has characterized the thinking of those who have controlled the system for so long. For years the Archdiocesan school system existed in a kind of vacuum, with school staffs composed of teaching sisters and middle-aged mothers, most of whom lived in the local parish and considered their job more a corporal work of mercy than a professional career by which one supported a family. Tuitions in such schools were low, since the costs for maintaining a nun were anywhere from $50 to a $100 a month and most of the mothers used the salary as a second income. Many of the teachers in the elementary system were without B.A.'s and had little choice but accepting whatever salary was offered if they wished to continue to teach. Ten years ago, however, certain subtle shifts started taking place in the system.

For one, the number of "vocations" started to decrease and, as nuns became more conscious of the outside world, many became disenchanted with their role as cannon fodder for the school system. As the atmosphere in public schools started getting violent, a good many college graduates applied for jobs in the Catholic schools. In a kind of reverse of Gresham's Law, degreed teachers drove out their more loyal, docile undegreed counterparts. Finally, when the war made teaching the only safe escape short of immigration, young men with masters degrees started trampling each other for the chance to teach second graders in Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Where ten years ago there were three teaching nuns for every lay teacher in the system, today the ratio is one to one. Last year 55 percent of the applications for teaching positions in the system came from men. Suddenly one morning the diocesan administrators looked up and discovered they had a young, fairly-well-trained professional staff who were being paid almost half what their teachers in the public school system were receiving.

The trouble with young professionals is that while the first year they're thankful just to be someplace where people aren't trying to kill them, the second year they notice that everybody else owns a Volkswagen. The third year they form a union. So when the New York State Legislature passed a law last year including teachers in non-profit, non-sectarian schools under the state's labor relations act, Barry Ryan and the Catholic Lay Teachers group had little trouble winning a certification election and became the bargaining agent for the 2,500 lay teachers in the system.

Both sides entered collective bargaining late last October and for the next two months negotiations took on the air of the Paris peace talks. Finally, Ryan gave a deadline and threatened to strike "unless there was some significant new offer from the Archdiocese." With typical Latin tenacity, the diocese waited until the Friday before the threatened Monday strike to make a serious offer. That Friday, Vincent MacDonald, who acts as head of the State Mediation Board and free-floating referee between management and labor in the city, went to see the Cardinal and pointed out a few of the facts of life. That afternoon the diocese came into the negotiations with a new offer which the union accepted in modified form about half-an-hour before a general membership meeting was scheduled to ratify a strike vote.

Prior to the contract settlement, elementary school teachers were paid salaries ranging from $5,300 to $8,000. In order to achieve the latter figure a teacher had to have 15 years in the system and a masters degree. Salaries in the parish and community (religious community, that is) high schools were not much better. The highest salary for a high school teacher was $11,300 and was given to anyone who had been around 15 years and held a Ph.D. Ryan assured me that he was certain at least someone qualified for the top scale, although he wouldn't swear there were two of them. A good many secretaries and even incredibly unproductive free 'lance writers make more than $8,000 a year, so it was no wonder that Ryan went for a big wage boost.

Yet it was his initial demand, that of parity between elementary and high school teachers, which proved the biggest stumbling block. Traditionally, high school teachers have been paid more because high school administrators had more money to play with but also because the State Board of Education was always a bit more demanding in the requirements that high school teachers had to meet. Such distinctions failed to impress elementary school teachers, many whom are now as equally qualified as their counterparts in the secondary schools and who see themselves teaching kids one year for a couple of

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thousand dollars less than a high school teacher gets paid for teaching them the next. They figure, quite rightly, that since the work is the same the pay ought to be equal. Consequently, the union demanded an equal scale for primary and secondary school teachers and a salary range of from $6,800 to $12,000, plus fringe benefits, a package Labor Secretary Shultz would surely describe as inflationary and the Chancery considered heretical.

Method of Financing

Had the diocese agreed to accept the union package, the age-old method of financing parish elementary schools would have been dead. Most parish schools are paid for through tuition that generally runs from $5 to $10 a month, with the deficit taken out of the Sunday collection and the annual bazaar. In addition, richer parishes are expected to fork over a certain percentage of the take to a general diocesan fund which helps those schools that run in the red and can't be covered by the Sunday plate. The pastors of the richer parishes generally agreed to this with all the enthusiasm that somebody feels when they sell their oldest daughter into slavery.

In making his demand for parity, Ryan insisted, somewhat quixotically, that there was plenty of money in the diocesan coffers to pay for such increases. In truth, however, the increase would have forced the dramatic centralization of a school system which in the past looked more like the League of Nations than the Board of Education. The final settlement did not include parity between high school and elementary school teachers, a defeat which caused many primary school teachers to charge that Ryan had sold them out. Although Ryan's motives were beyond question, unfortunately he teaches in a secondary school. The fact that the union refrained from going out on strike resulted in part from a judgmental decision that they weren't organizationally strong enough to pull off a prolonged, bitter strike. Molly Maguires the Catholic lay teachers are not. Furthermore, it was questioned whether such a strike might not destroy the school system completely. It would not have been the first time where school administrators managed to beat down a strike only to be faced with wholesale resignations at the end of the school year.

As for the future, Ryan insists that two years from now the union plans to make parity a non-negotiable demand and has already served notice on Chancery to that effect. Whether he can back up that demand with the necessary muscle is questionable at this point, but he has two years to organize his members into an effective union and he just might pull it off.

For its part the Archdiocese is looking to Albany for some kind of relief. Repeal of the Blaine Amendment by both houses of the State legislature is expected this year. But as Monsignor Kelly, head of the Office of Education for the Archdiocese points out, passage this year does not necessarily guarantee the follow-up repeal, required by the state constitution, next year. This is an election year, and nobody wants to cross Catholic voters if he can help it. A vote this year for the repeal of the amendment (which prohibits the use of state funds either "directly or indirectly" for the support of state schools) does not assure the same vote next year. Furthermore, this year's vote doesn't cost any money.

State aid for church-related schools has always posed several embarrassments to the various secular power blocs within the city. Recently, when Governor Rockefeller became a late convert to the idea, the American Jewish Congress called his proposal "a threat to public education." Certain cynics suspect there is some correlation between the AJC's stand and the high number of teachers of Jewish background presently in the public school system. On the other hand, it has been pointed out that the parochial system by and large tends to serve the white community and financial support from public coffers would only encourage the continued decline of the public school system to the point where it only serviced the poor or disadvantaged community. In any case, such public statements are not designed to foster a spirit of ecumenism.

A further complication exists because of the relationship between the United Federation of Teachers, which represents the public school teachers, and the unaffiliated Catholic Lay Teachers group. Prior to the strike, the U.F.T. provided some assistance to Ryan's group when it needed it most. Furthermore, the Philadelphia chapter of the American Federation of Teachers, the parent body of the U.F.T., which represents the Catholic high school teachers in that city, sent up its union officers and organizers to help out with preparations for the strike. Both the A.F.T and the U.F.T. have in the past been opposed to state and federal aid to church schools on the grounds that such a move would involve swiping money badly needed for the public school systems. Recently the A.F.T. has revised its position in reference to aid given on a pupil basis, and the U.F.T. is reconsidering its position on the same issue. Since Ryan openly admits he hopes to take his union into the A.F.T. as an affiliated chapter sometime in the next two years, no one is quite sure of what position he should take anymore.

Whatever the result or final resolution of the question of state aid, one thing seems certain at this point: the archdiocesan school system is destined to undergo some radical changes in the next few years. The teachers who attended what turned out to be a contract ratification meeting were a far cry from the Sister-Mustn't-Touchits who taught the grammar school I attended. The winds of change are all-pervasive and in the end they will clear the air in even such a hothouse atmosphere as the Chancery Office of the Archdiocese of New York. PHIL TRACY

(Phil Tracy, a frequent contributor, is a New York freelance writer and critic.)

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Anyone for Ecological Theology?

● Cassandra Needle, who runs a newsstand at 37th and Fifth Avenue, is the Seer of religious book publishing. The fact is never mentioned in the trade, of course; but most smart editors sidle up to Cassandra now and then, buy 10 copies of the *New York Post* and angle for a few tips. After all, Cassandra predicted the Christian-Marxist dialogue two years before anyone could pronounce Hromadka, and it is widely rumored that she writes most of Martin Marty's books. When Cassandra took sick for five months recently, six religious publishers went out of business.

"What's the next trend?" I asked her last week, picking up a handful of *Posts*. "I need a hot tip for the Religious Book issue. Secular-city, death-of-God . . . . what's the coming attraction?"

Cassandra stiffened trance-like, closed her eyes, made a Storm Novena (she's a traditionalist after her fashion) and then stood there, silent.

I bought two *Esquires*.

"Theology of play, celebration, that jazz—three more months to live. Let a few more celebrating theologians slip their discs and that will be the end of that game," she said.

I jotted notes and bought an issue of *Harper's*.

"Black theology . . . a year ago it had a going chance, but Forman ruined it. That stuff's all right till it looks like it might cost you some cash."

"But what's next, Cassie? You know, the new thing? No secrets between old friends!" (Putting down five bucks for a dog-eared *Ramparts*.)

"Ecological theology." (Picking up the bill and forgetting to give me change.)

"Ecological theology?"

"You heard me. Man and his environment . . . sin against nature . . . stewardship of the world . . . You'll have catchy, rhyming titles like *Ecology Theology, Cleansing the Temple* for the spiritual reference, *Essays in Ecotheology* for the scholarly or technocratic."

"You think there's enough material there for a full-blown Trend? By the way, give me last month's *Playboy*."

"Enough material? Holy St. Isidore! Look, the ecological theologians can just take all the arguments of Cox and the secular-city boys and turn them around. Desacralization of nature will become exactly what's wrong, according to the ecotheologians. The Judaeo-Christian has been separating man from nature, giving him the word to be fruitful and multiply and take dominion. Why, from there it's a short jump to air pollution and the SST, believe you them!"

"Give me 10 copies of *The Police Gazette* and keep talking."

"Oh, from that point the ecotheologians will have a choice of strategies. They can either cite an opposing church tradition—you know, St. Francis and the birds, lilies of the fields, etc., etc.—or they can hook into the Eastern religion bit and go for cosmic awareness."

I bought five copies of Malcolm Boyd's new girlie magazine, *Concupiscence*.

"Think of the vistas ahead, Mr. Steinfels! Harvey Cox could crown the success of *The Secular City* with *The Sacred Cow*—and Dan Callahan might put together *The Sacred Cow Debate*. And with a few quotes from ecologists about artificial interference with the balance of nature, you could rehabilitate the old birth-control arguments; Catholic moralists were always firmly against pollution anyway, weren't they? Who knows, *Natural Theology* might sound like a swinging title once again!"

"Just one more thing, Cassie," I said, closing my notebook and heaving my load of destroyed trees into a trashcan. "Doesn't ecological theology need a catch phrase? Something for a *Time* cover?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Steinfels. How about 'cleanliness is next to Godliness'?"

● One drop of non-polluted water does not make a spring, of course, but scarcely had I returned from seeing Cassandra when I noticed *Crisis in Eden* by Frederick Elder (Abingdon Press, $3.95). Mr. Elder divides thinkers into "exclusionists," who treat man as though he were not a subordinate part of Nature (Harvey Cox, Herbert Richardson, even Teilhard de Chardin are his examples), and "inclusionists" (Barry Commoner, Rachel Carson, Loren Eiseley). The former he criticizes for advocating an anthropocentrism which is at the root of our present ecological crisis; the latter he holds as models of awareness of environment and reverence for life. Elder hopes for "the emergence of a modern asceticism," and seems most interested in man's *restraining* himself from ruining the environment. I am more interested in man's *actively* finding a way to create a livable environment. The difference may be that he lives in Minnesota where, reputedly, there is some environment left to be preserved; while I live on 93rd Street. Anyway, the book is well-written and well-bound, and I smashed a cockroach dead with my copy last night.

PETER STEINFELS

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MERTON AND AUDEN

Setting the borders of religious poetry

TIMOTHY MATERER

The lyrics of Thomas Merton and W. H. Auden set the borders of contemporary religious poetry. The struggle to express religious feeling in esthetic form marks the work of each writer. Yet the surface of their poems could not seem more dissimilar. For Auden religious verse is a controlled, impersonal, at times irreverently light-hearted, statement about man's relationship to his Creator. For Merton it is a personally felt, unselfconsciously emotional, at times ecstatic, witness to the effects of God's grace. The contrast is more extreme than one might expect in the poems of an Anglican layman like Auden and a Catholic monk like Merton. Auden's work implies a challenge to the major poetic tradition (of St. John of the Cross, John Donne, G. M. Hopkins) that Merton extended.

Despite the traditionalism of Merton's approach, his poetry is far more ambitious than Auden's. But viewed from the border of Auden's verse, we might say that the ambition—and here the challenge arises—is really presumption. The objection would be that Merton attempts to use language to suggest experiences that are beyond rational discourse, such as his response to sacred music in "A Psalm":

> antiphons turn to rum
> The Spirit sings: the bottom drops out of my soul
> And from the center of my cellar, Love, louder than thunder
> Opens a heaven of naked air. *(Selected Poems)*

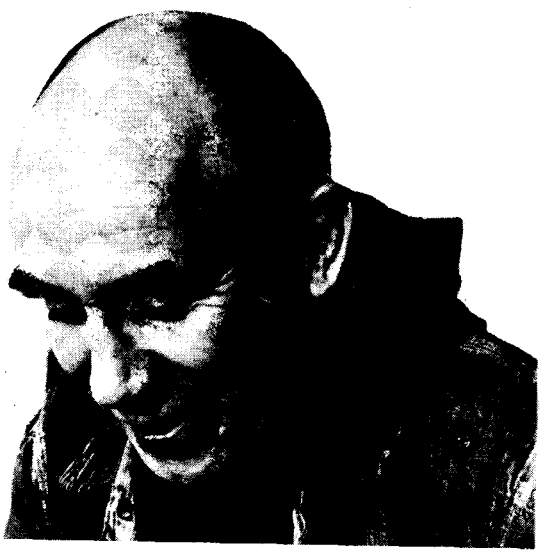
The metaphors of drunkenness and collapsing barriers, though sensual, signify an experience beyond sense perceptions. The sense of oneness with God and nature, as in the lyric "O Sweet Irrational Worship," can only be hinted at: "By ceasing to question the sun / I have become light, / Bird and wind. / My leaves sing. / I am earth, earth." *(Emblems of a Season of Fury)*

Because such experiences transcend the senses, Auden might find them too intractable for even poetic language. The experiences he treats are relatively cool and abstract. In the midst of a meditation on human love, for example, he breaks into a prayer that is both perceptive and impeccably orthodox, but that does not seem to spring from a personal awareness of God's love:

> Force our desire, O essence of creation,
> To seek Thee always in Thy substances,
> Till the performance of those offices
> Our bodies, Thine opaque enigmas, do,
> Configure Thy transparent justice too.

("In Sickness And in Health," *Collected Shorter Poems)* This prayer neatly relates earthly love to divine. As he addresses the God who is love, Auden begs him as the God of Justice as well to set his love in order. Yet this divine love is an abstract force; the prayer impersonally refers to "our desires"; the man who prays as well as the Being he prays to are fleshless.

The "Essence of Creation" the poet addresses need not even be the personal, Christian God. When Auden does address his God directly, an odd whimsicality often overtakes him. In his "Ascension Day, 1964," for example, the dissonant concluding lines admit an impulse "to giggle / At any crucifixion." We will return to these lines, but for now can agree that Donne, Hopkins, or Merton would not have admitted the possibility of such a schoolboy fit beneath the cross. In another meditation on the crucifixion, the verse rises to a climax only to



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take a pratfall. The last stanza of "Compline" begins, after a solemn acceptance of "the rhythm / Past measure or comprehending" of God's world,

> Can poets (can men in television)
> Be saved? . . . *libera*
> *Me, libera* C (dear C)
> And all poor s-o-b's who never
> Do anything properly. . . .
> *(Selected Poetry of W. H. Auden)*

If our response to them is too hasty, such lines may lead us to think Auden is unequal to a devout theme or even to agree with the eminent critic who thought Auden's poetry "arrested at the stage of undergraduate 'brilliance.' "

Yet even a hostile reader of Auden's religious verse is unlikely to feel that Auden is merely tasteless. Whatever the success of his verse, Auden's coolness and irreverence are calculated effects and not accidental lapses. To understand Auden's approach one must first ask why a poet is drawn to religious subjects at all. A measure of Auden's genuine seriousness is that he forces one to ask a fundamental question about the purpose of religious poetry.

Ordinarily, questions about the purpose of art are ruled out of court because we like to think poetry needs no ulterior purpose to justify it. But both Merton and Auden readily place religious values before esthetic or cultural ones, and it is fair to ask if their poetry serves their religion. Merton takes up this question in a widely-read essay called "Poetry and Contemplation." He feels that poetry can enlarge and deepen religious knowledge. In fact, Merton writes, every Christian should have something of the poet's vision of the "inner and 'sacred' meaning of the cosmos which, in all its movements and all its aspects, sings the praises of its Creator and Redeemer." Merton gives poetic form to this statement in the second stanza of "A Psalm":

> New eyes awaken.
> I send Love's name into the world with wings
> And songs grow up around me like a jungle.
> Choirs of all creatures sing the tunes
> Your spirit played in Eden.
> *(Selected Poems of Merton)*

But poetry should not merely recover the wonder of God's world. At its most intense, it can also let us glimpse the reality of God's nature. Merton writes, in a passage deeply influenced by Jacques Maritain, that a "genuine esthetic experience"

> reaches out to grasp the inner
> reality, the vital substance of its object,
> by a kind of affective identification of itself
> with it. It rests in the perfection of things by
> a kind of union which sometimes resembles the
> quiescence of the soul in its immediate affective
> contact with God in the obscurity of mystical prayer.
> *(Selected Poems of Merton)*

In "After the Night Office," one of the finest passages Merton has written tries to suggest such an experience:

> The weak walls
> Of the world fall
> And heaven, in floods, comes pouring in:
> Sink from your shallows, soul, into eternity,
> And slake your wonder at that deep-lake spring.
> We touch the rays we cannot see,
> We feel the light that seems to sing.
> *(Selected Poems of Merton)*

The first short lines swell into the strong rhythms, like the shallows sinking into the deeper spring, of the description of the mystical light, which is palpable, audible, yet not visible. Since the experience is wholly unlike ordinary sensual ones, we put aside or transfigure sense experience to glimpse it. The imagery itself tells us that the full experience behind the poem cannot be put in words. To use T. S. Eliot's phrase, the metaphors are "hints and guesses, / Hints followed by guesses" that point to the experience that cannot be fully communicated.

The essential premise of Merton's theory is that art will take us up a Jacob's ladder to a supra-sensual or spiritual realm. Once in that realm through the esthetic experience, we have then moved closer to a religious experience as well.

Here is where Auden's reservations take hold. Recalling Kierkegaard's division of the esthetic, ethical, and religious realms, Auden fears that the esthetic experience could have an effect opposite to the one Merton believes in and that it will instead block ethical and religious development. Poetry does indeed allow us to rest in the "perfection of things," but for that very reason it may disincline us to strive for religious perfection or even delude us into thinking we have found it through art. If one agrees with Merton that the esthetic perception is analogous to the religious, then the danger is that the artist presents a sham religion with a goal of esthetic delight rather than a religious inspiration. To put this problem in the words Auden's spokesman uses in *The Sea and the Mirror,* even if the poet reveals "the truth in its order, its justice, its joy" he cannot thereby motivate his reader to close the gap between his own self-deceptions and this truth. The esthetic vision may rather strengthen his "delusion that an awareness of the gap is itself a bridge, [his] interest in [his] imprisonment a release. . . ." If one responds, like Marius the Epicurean in Walter Pater's novel, to the esthetic values of the Mass one is not necessarily closer to Christ. Auden writes that in the commemoration of Christ's death, unlike that of the protagonist of a Greek tragedy, "esthetic values have nothing to do with its ritual representation; whether the Mass is well or badly sung is irrelevant."

To Auden, then, esthetic experience does not participate in religious experience. The human imagination

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produces the esthetic experience—God's grace the religious. If we accept Merton's belief that the esthetic experience takes us "not only beyond the sensible surface of things into their inmost reality, but even beyond that to God Himself," we claim for poetry a power that is God's alone. It follows that an esthetic response will help one to God no better than a ladder will help one up a staircase.

But for all these objections to religious verse, we have seen that they have not prevented Auden from writing it. Even his remark about disliking some of Donne's and Hopkins' poems ("Is there not something a little odd, to say the least, about making an admirable public object out of one's feelings of guilt and penitence before God?") does not stop him from writing his own penitential verse.

Religious or Secular?

There is no entirely satisfactory answer to this contradiction that I know of. The most recent book on Auden (Justin Replogle's *Auden's Poetry*) merely warns us that we quote Auden's theories at our own risk and accounts for the contradiction with the opinion that there is a split in Auden's nature between poet and antipoet. The notion of this split is useful here because, as we try to reconcile Auden's and Merton's views, we will find that Merton as well as Auden conceals an antipoet within him. And if they differ as poets, the antipoets within them are really brothers.

Within Auden, the antipoet will say, as in his essay "Christianity and Art," "both art and science are secular activities, that is to say, small beer," while the poet is nonetheless devoting his life to what Auden elsewhere calls the "game" of poetry. The implicit drama of every Auden poem is to watch how these two temperaments resolve or at least compromise their differences. When the poem is religious the antipoet, doubtful from the first about the propriety of this exercise, is set to pounce on the poet when he makes too free with God's mysteries or steals the robes of prophet or priest. Thus the antipoet deflates the conclusion of "Terce" by following the solemn *libera me* with the silly prayer for "poor s-o-b's" and equating "poets," lest we think he claims divine wisdom for versifiers, with "men in television." In the poem on the Ascension, he is unromantic enough to admit that our guilt and our embarrassed attempt to escape it impels us, like Kundry in Wagner's *Parsifal,* "to giggle / At any crucifixion." If a Donne or a Merton were treating the subject, we would expect them to express the shame and grief any aware Christian must feel beneath the cross. But Auden is the poet of the poor "s-o-b's who never do anything properly," and though their reactions are less profound than Donne's they tell us as much about man's tortuous relationship with his God.

The reality of religious experience for Auden is that we are wholly unworthy of receiving God's grace and, if God does condescend to us, unable to say anything meaningful in esthetic forms about the experience of receiving it. This is the realization that motivates the antipoet. However, the antipoet will agree that one can write about the experiences that prepare one for grace. The religious poems of Auden thus become exercises in humility and hope. Auden's *Horae Canonicae* sequence, for example, reflects on the crucifixion only to show that the inherent pride and hatred of men is an ageless reenactment of the crucifixion that makes Christ's death the central fact of history.

A passage from *Horae Canonicae* that parallels another from one of Merton's poems will allow us to summarize these different attitudes toward grace. In the opening poem of the sequence, the poet awakens, becomes aware of his body, then of his name, and finally of his own guilty selfhood. The poem concludes,

> my name
> Stands for my historical share of care
> For a lying self-made city,
> Afraid of [my] living task, the dying
> Which the coming day will ask.
>
> *(Selected Poetry of Auden)*

He feels no direct relationship with God, but the awareness of guilt may possibly prepare him for this relationship. The slowly paced syllabic verse, the halting rhymes ("share of care"), as well as the intricate reasoning, restrain the feeling. In contrast, here is Merton's description of awakening in his prose poem sequence "Hagia Sophia":

> I am like all mankind awakening from all
> the dreams that ever were dreamed in all
> the nights of the world. It is like the One
> Christ awakening in all the separate selves
> that ever were separate and isolated and
> alone in all the lands of the earth. It is like all
> minds coming back into awareness from all
> distractions, cross-purposes and confusions,
> into unity of love. It is like the first
> Morning of the world (when Adam, at the
> sweet voice of Wisdom awoke from nonentity
> and knew her). . . . *(Emblems)*

Merton awakes into the immediate presence of God and of Mary, the spirit of Wisdom; the strong rhythms, the alliteration, the repetitions, especially of the word "all," communicate his sense of beatitude. For Merton, his redemption is at hand; for Auden, it may possibly be coming, but who can really be sure? In one of Auden's most recent religious poems, a passage that is the nearest to a ringing affirmation that he has made is characteristically qualified with an "if." "Whitsunday in Kirchstetten" reflects on the meaning of Pentecost and the possibility of nuclear war. Auden concludes with a reference to the apocryphal *Acts of John,* in which the

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apostle's congregation dances when inspired by God's Grace:

about
catastrophe or how to behave in one
I know nothing, except what everyone knows—
if there when Grace dances, I should dance.
(About the House)

Although we may be tempted to account for Auden's reliance on Grace as the *sola fide* attitude of a Protestant, or for Merton's reports of direct experience as that of the Catholic mystic, such explanations are misleading because their approaches to God are finally compatible.

There is an antipoet within Merton, too, who admits the poet's "promethean tendency to exploit every experience as material for 'creation' " and who even admits "that esthetic experience is only a temporal thing, and like all other temporal things it passes away." His journals, especially *The Sign of Jonas*, constantly betray his fear that the vocations of monk and poet must inevitably conflict. He has felt the weight of Auden's misgiving about trying to express the inexpressible. If the strain of this attempt should lead to an insincere double vision—toward God and toward the audience for the work of art—Merton's solution is unqualified: the poet "must consent to the *ruthless and complete sacrifice of his art.*" But Merton is profoundly sensible when he goes on to say, in "Poetry and Contemplation," that "the problem is not solved by the application of some abstract, *a priori* principle," but by a "practical appeal to the will of God. . . ." In the case of St. John of the Cross, as Merton writes (and we can add Donne and Hopkins despite Auden's reservations), we discover the "heights of poetic creation and of mystical prayer without any evident contradiction between them."

Before his death, however, the antipoet was growing stronger in Thomas Merton and coming to the surface of the poetry itself. In the long poem he published in 1967, *Cables to the Ace*, he says that his "poetics are on vacation," and he mixes prose and poetry, quotations and parodies, irony and lyricism in a style which has much of Auden's calculated irreverence in it. His last poem, *The Geography of Lograire,* continues this irreverent manner with far more assurance and humanity than the sometimes petulant *Cables.* Like Ezra Pound's *Cantos, The Geography of Lograire* combines quotations and translations with original verse. Merton gives us an unorthodox history of religion, drawing on the experience of 17th century English dissenters and the Cargo Cults of Melanesia, to cite two examples from many, that allows him to be both satiric and devout. *The Geography of Lograire* was to be a much longer work, and it is our misfortune that we cannot see where this new direction in his verse was taking him.

But if the manner of his long poems never developed fully, his religious lyrics rank with Auden's as major devotional works. The strain we have referred to by the terms poet and antipoet is a mark of the profound sincerity of both poets. Merton's lasting achievement was to express the heights of religious experience. Auden, less intense but often more complex and original, remains on the level plains of Christian experience. Faith and love flash out from Merton's verse; humility and hope shine through Auden's style. The landscape of religious poetry would be dark without their works.

THE PERISHING PUBLISHERS

Can the world be made safe for Benzigers?

MARTIN E. MARTY

Publish and perish: that has been the experience of numbers of religious publishing houses. During the 1960s they did not lack enterprise or imagination. Yet many of them folded or merged or retrenched. No one breathes easily now, and when between breaths publishers speak it is often with a precarious sense. Religion is (at least institutionally) in trouble. Books, say the media prophets, do not have a secure future. Publishing is a business and, hence, an establishment—and what establishment allows its leaders to relax? Put them all together and you have "religious book publishing," an occasion for trauma at the time of the turn to the seventies.

While people in publishing play musical chairs or watch heads roll or feel ulcers grow, people still look with some measured hope to the world of books. Gifted people turn to publishing with an enduring vocational sense; they aspire to edit, market, and advertise books. One could have built a whole industry out of the priests and nuns who in the 1960s left their former vocations and wanted to move into publishing.

Just as numbers wanted to be welcomed into what looked to others like a burning house, many inside

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showed that they could stand the heat. I have the impression that friends in religious book publishing do enjoy their field. They enjoy it not in the serene sense that the old masters did when book publishing was described as a "gentleman's game." Instead, there is the kind of adventure that a Len Dawson knows on Superbowl day, in the context of every kind of anxiety and yet with the feeling that the new kind of game is also worth it.

The advice people usually get when they contemplate entering religious publishing or when they assess their place in it is usually along one of three lines: a) commit suicide; b) merge and consolidate; c) find other ways to adapt. At the moment, nothing seems stable. I have felt like John Updike that there was a kind of ontological shift when major league baseball began to embark on moves and mergers, ever after it allowed the altering of the map that began with the Braves' move from Boston to Milwaukee. Now, one feels a similar dislocation as the religious publishers' map changes. Bruce is no more in Milwaukee, ex-home of the Braves. Benziger has changed hands; Kenedy is absorbed; almost anyone else is for sale. Matters are as frantic in publishing as in equally merger-and-movement minded seminary life today. Adapt or die.

Adapt to what? is the question concerned and dedicated publishers ask. They are victims of what Robert Adolfs calls "rapidation," a blight for producers of books. They have to program a year and a half ahead and hope to keep a book before the public for a year and a half after it is on the market. But cultural and ecclesiastical changes seem to come a month and a half apart and are forgotten a month and a half later. Catholic backlists—and publishers used to depend on backlists for financial strength—are as alive as the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, whether they deal with pre-, para- or early post-Vatican II life. Even when our most attractive writers, men like Hans Küng on *The Church* or Robert McAfee Brown in *The Ecumenical Revolution* turn to churchly concerns of the recent past; their books do not "grab."

We can look at three kinds of staples from religious publishing's past to get some sense of trends today; since I have not gone along with the first counsel (i.e., suicide), I must see hope, somehow. Therefore, I will also try to sketch some of the possibilities in these three areas.

In most trouble is what I call "The Black Book" trade. This includes Bibles, prayer books, hymnals, missals, breviaries, and the like. Bibles still sell by millions, but —I guess I am happy to say—the bloated and extravagant Family Bible is in trouble. Instead, people reach for inexpensive, paperback, newly-translated versions. Here what must be a gain for anyone with spiritual concerns represents a financial loss for publishers who could risk some good new books because they had a financial base in bad old Bibles.

An investor would be better advised to buy stock in the Studebaker Wagon Company or to become a partner in a blacksmith shop than he would be to venture with a firm that put out standard prayer books or works for liturgy. In the past, with low investment, publishers had a high yield off leather-bound, gold-edged missals and breviaries; today people dance their prayers, or (for the really permanent ones) they xerox them long enough to last until the next Sunday. Sensible hymnbook sponsors have turned to the mimeograph machine or the loose-leaf format.

The disappearance of one kind of Black Book, the one you sent the nun who had everything or needed nothing, the kind that everyone gave as gifts but few used as possessions, does not mean that there is not another potential market. Michel Quoist's prayers and Malcolm Boyd's record of a trackmeet with Our Lord indicate that the right people can find ready response. A culture that gobbles the *I Ching,* hurries its way past Zen meditations, and is wide open to Eastern modes of contemplation and worship, cannot be dismissed as being disinterested in that to which the Black Books were once directed. Publishers are in pursuit of the people who believe that aids to spiritual life are to be welcomed today, and are looking for authors who have the genius to address them.

The second kind of book that is in trouble is the one that relies on the irrelevance, obsolescence, vulnerability, dysfunctionality, quaintness, or repressiveness of the Old Church. I do not here refer to the serious positive books that rework the tradition, as Küng and Brown books do. Rather, I imply what was called the "radical theology" or secular-moving volumes which during the last decade's dash toward the world gained plausibility from the background of the church that they were fighting. Now we have begun to see how "churchy" most of these really were. They were great crutches for people who had been wounded by Mother Church, or trusses for people who had straddled church and world. Anyone with an ounce of the Oedipal found in these new instruments of flagellation; those who were looking for escape found road maps here. How to travel light, to jettison, to carry minimum baggage, to be a Christian without being weighted down by All That Old Stuff: this was what was offered.

What happens today to the generation seldom reached by the authors who write for religious book publishers, a generation that has no Christian Identity Crisis because it has little or no Christian identity, a generation that does not need instruments to fight off church because they were not formed by it? I have often seen these secular-theology books and acts much like Houdini's: very interesting, to see him wriggle out of bondage, constriction, and confinement. Now, when he is free of it all and on stage, what does he have to do or say?

The late James Pike found a market among people who wanted "fewer beliefs, more belief," but his succes-

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sors deal with a tribe that wants some kind of belief. Charles Merrill Smith reached thousands by satirizing the irreligion of religious institutions, but fewer now have the hang-ups that provided him with a foil. Where would Malcolm Boyd be in a culture that has not some vestigial sense of what the clerical collar meant, and some joy in the idiosyncratic uses to which he puts it? *Honest to God* was great for the up there-out there people, but today just as many want to escape here-and-nowness. Will there be a generation after Davis that has to agonize so much about "leaving" when it is so easy to slip away—and most everyone does? Can the church be expected to arrest the development of enough new adolescents to provide a hearing for another Kavanaugh?

It is hard to picture the seventies providing much opportunity for the exposé, the sensational ex-churchmanship book, the travel-light manual. What does one do for encore after death of God; and the church is almost too feeble to stand or need a working over. Yet people do seek community, and many do so in religious and partly Christian terms. They seek orbits for interpersonality and identity, are in search of traditions to borrow and to plunder, and are looking for new loci of power to change the world. If they turn to books for help, and if publishers can turn up authors to write them, here is a transformed market potential.

A third troubled area is theological. Statistically it has always run a poor third but in prestige and as an embodiment of hopes for serious religious writing theology holds a prime place. The giants are going or gone: Tillich, Barth, the Niebuhrs, Bonhoeffer, Teilhard, Schweitzer, Buber, Bultmann, Maritain sold—but they are dead or "dead" and few 'names' have replaced them. The new theologians of the sixties, with few exceptions, have not stayed around with automatic audiences for the seventies.

Perhaps the audience is exhausted after the decade's pace of confrontations: with new hermeneutics, conciliar theology, secular and radical and death of God theology, future-and-hope theology, and all the rest. Perhaps publishers oversold the novelty of these movements (or overbought the authors' claims) and people are now suspicious. It may take a decade for all of us to get into the habit of seeing these "movements" as building stones in some new theological edifice, one which we cannot yet name. I believe serious work is going on today, but little of it is dramatic. It is exploratory, revisionist, complicated, rarely dazzling, and thus not programmed for best-sellerdom.

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If one theological tradition is in trouble, this does not mean that people do not look for meaning, purpose, and interpretation of life *coram Deo,* "in the sight of God." I hope that during the seventies some theologians will help publishers and readers by coming up with works of style. Perhaps theology should be written the way Langdon Gilkey did it in *Shantung Compound,* a prison-camp record, or as Sam Keen does in some brief semi-autobiographical passages in *Apology for Wonder* and elsewhere, or in the form of fiction, to which some of the former "radical theologians" are now turning. The religious publishing world needs people who can show in theology what a Loren Eiseley does in science. Style. Risk. Clarity. Unconcern for what academic peers think. Concern for what people need to help interpret and act in an apparently absurd but somehow promising universe.

Even if everything goes well, not all religious publishers would or should survive. The bookselling industry is behind the times. Reviewers in secular media will have to be trained to recognize good religious books from religious publishers before real gains can be made. A new kind of public has to be located, or developed, or won. Now I know why suicide (see above) was bad counsel: one would not be around to enjoy a good game, a sometimes desperate business, and an adventure which, I believe, has promise for at least one sector of humanity.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

BIRON WALKER

THINK SOME THING YOU WANT

Lean. Don't cling
limber like just anything,
not for nothing—
with me strangling,
shrinking,
sinking.

Don't cling.
Lean. Think some thing
you want enough
to go stiff
to get.
That way your weight
is shared,
still set
upon your feet.
A side force
I can endorse—
I go hard,
keep straight.

A neater seam,
a gravel
out of your shoe.

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BOOKS
FOR BROTHERHOOD

This list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations chosen from among the many published from August, 1968 through July, 1969. They were selected on the basis of their contribution to the search for community in a pluralistic society, and for their concern with interreligious, interracial, ethnic, economic and political challenges to achieve a healthy public order. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee on their recommendations of the best in the field for children, young people, and adults.

BERNHARD E. OLSON, Supervisor
Paula K. Lazrus Library
of Intergroup Relations

This selection from the complete list is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

Am I A Racist?, compiled and edited by Robert Heyer. Photographs by Fortune Monte. Paulist Press and Association Press. Paperback. $1.95.

Through pictures, quotations and questions the reader is challenged to face and eliminate the racism underlying his own thinking. Highly useful for group discussions by teen-agers and adults.

Black Victory: Carl Stokes and the Winning of Cleveland, by Kenneth G. Weinberg. Quadrangle. $5.95.

An account of how a Negro won the mayoralty race in a city not predominantly Negro and how he is trying to improve the city for all its people.

Coming of Age in Mississippi, by Anne Moody. Dial Press. $5.95.

This is a twenty-eight-year-old girl's testimony to the black experience in America. Raised in the rural South and beset by poverty and discrimination, Miss Moody succeeded in acquiring an education. Although she became active in the civil rights movement, this struggle has left its scar. Her story concludes, "We shall overcome some day . . . I wonder. I really wonder."

The Gathering Storm in the Churches, by Jeffrey K. Hadden. Doubleday. $5.95.

Any Protestant today who looks his church squarely in the face will be profoundly shaken by the catastrophic answers he finds in sociological surveys of American Protestant attitudes. The conflict between activist clergy and "comfort-oriented laity," the uncertainties surrounding the old tenets of faith and the church's glaring inability to cope with civil rights issues are threatening the existence of the institutional churches.

Israel: An Echo of Eternity, by Abraham Joshua Heschel. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $5.50. Paper, $1.95.

A personal, almost devotional, explanation of the mystic attachment of Jews to Jerusalem, done with scriptural simplicity by one of today's great Jewish scholars. The line drawings by Abraham Rattner enhance the religious quality of the book.

Letters to a Black Boy, by Bob Teague. Walker. $4.50.

Known to many television viewers for his NBC news broadcasts, Teague addresses these letters to his infant son to alert him to the reality of racism. These personal observations and experiences will have meaning for other sons and fathers, white as well as black.

One Year Later: An Assessment of the Nation's Response to the Crisis Described by the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, by Urban America, Inc., and The Urban Coalition. Praeger. $3.95.

A sober evaluation of what America has not done to solve its interracial and urban problems since the "Kerner Report." We are closer to two separate, unequal societies than we were a year ago and as a nation, are pursuing a "course with the most ominous consequences for our society."

Should Churches Be Taxed?, by D. B. Robertson. Westminster. $6.50.

A solid study of an increasingly controversial subject, this book traces the history of tax exemption from "Establishment" to "Separation of Church and State." He explains how the Internal Revenue Code aids the churches, summarizes the more sober estimates of the churches' wealth and objectively presents arguments for and against church tax immunity.

Soul on Ice, by Eldridge Cleaver. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

The searing record of a mind-in-growth, written from jail by the 1968 presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom party. Brutally frank, Cleaver manages to transcend the impulse to race hatred and exhibits both psychological depth and literary power in this key document of young Black America.

Summer in the City, by Mary Cole. P. J. Kenedy. $4.95.

Creativity, friendship, community development and hope are not terms one immediately associates with the slums of any city. Still, an anti-poverty program in New York City is based on the belief that these values can be found and fostered in just such areas.

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ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

JOSEPH E. CUNEEN, Editor, *Cross Currents.*

ROCHELLE GIRSON, Book Review Editor, *Saturday Review*

MARY C. HATCH, Head Librarian, Central Circulation, The New York Public Library.

ARTHUR HERTZBERG, Rabbi, Temple Emanuel, Englewood, New Jersey.

ELIZABETH D. NORRIS, Librarian, YWCA, New York City.

DORIS VIACAVA, Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to
The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10019

To Whom It May Concern: Poverty, Humanity, Community, by M. Darrol Bryant. Fortress Press. Paperback, $1.25.

A Lutheran professor of religious studies has written movingly of the need for the Church establishment to concern itself with the problems of the poor and the underprivileged. The author urges the church to "make visible" the problem of poverty so as to move business and government toward its alleviation.

Viet Nam—The Unheard Voices, by Don Luce and John Somer. Foreword by Edward M. Kennedy. Cornell. $6.50.

Two young men with thirteen years of combined experience in Viet Nam and knowledgeable in the language, write of that troubled country through the voices of the Vietnamese themselves. The authors, through illuminating human incidents, not polemics or statistics, present their pleas and aspirations to their fellow Americans.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

The Cougar, by Myrtle Quimby. Illustrations by Theresa Brudi. Criterion Books. $3.50.

Embittered by his experiences at home and at school, Jerry Foster runs off to live with a Cherokee Indian who insists that the boy kill a cougar to earn his manhood. His failure to carry out this task convinces Jerry that he will have to adjust to the world of his white father. (11-14)

Edgar Allan, by John Neufeld. S. G. Phillips. $3.95.

The ordeal of a white minister's loving family, whose attempt to adopt and share their spiritual wealth with a small black boy, evokes community pressure that almost wrecks their lives, but also results in growth in understanding. (10-12)

Firebrand For Justice: A Biography of Louis Dembitz Brandeis, by Iris Noble. Westminster Press. $4.50.

A luminous account of the first Jew to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and who proved to be one of the truly great exponents of living law and of civil and religious rights. (11-14)

The House of Dies Drear, by Virginia Hamilton. Illustrated by Eros Keith. Macmillan. $4.95.

When the Smalls lease an old house in Ohio they receive eerie and frightening signs that some of its ghostly mysteries have yet to be uncovered. An atmospheric story of a contemporary Negro boy and his family set against a background of Underground Railroad history. (10-12)

Langston Hughes: A Biography, by Milton Meltzer. Crowell. $4.50.

A sensitive portrayal of the famous black poet and playwright. (12 and up)

The Lonely War of William Pinto, by Diana Huss Green. Little, Brown. $4.75.

Set apart by society as a Jew, a young boy in colonial New England must decide whether or not he will fight in the war for American independence. (12 and up)

The Long Black Schooner, by Emma Gelders Sterne. Follett. $3.95.

A timely re-issue of the factual story of a boatload of African captives, destined for Cuba and slavery, who seized the ship and landed her in New Haven. They were imprisoned there until the Supreme Court, in its first historic "civil rights" decision of 1839, set them free. (10-13)

The Negro Revolution, by Robert Goldston. Macmillan. $4.95.

An excellent children's history of the American Negro. (11 and up)

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Selected by . . .

AUGUSTA BAKER, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

LUCIA ENGLE, Assistant Director, Elementary School Libraries, New York City Board of Education.

JOSETTE FRANK, Director for Children's Books and Mass Media, Child Study Association of America.

NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People; Director, the Bookplan.

ETHNA SHEEHAN, Instructor in Literature for Children and Young People, St. John's University.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Pioneer in Blood Plasma: Dr. Charles Richard Drew, by Robert Lichello. Messner. $3.50.

A straightforward biography of the young Negro scientist whose work saved the lives of countless soldiers during World War II. (10-14)

Proud to Be Amish, by Mildred Jordan. Crown. $3.50.

Katie has good reason to feel guilty about her love for worldly things. Yet, when her father seems to need her meagre financial aid, she finds the courage to forego the purchase of a shiny locket and through this loving sacrifice discerns the warmth and strength of her "Old Order" Amish way of life. (9-11)

Puerto Ricans: From Island to Mainland, by Arlene Harris Kurtis. Messner. $3.95.

A discussion of Puerto Rican life on the island and in the United States, particularly New York City. (8-12)

The Quakers: the Religious Society of Friends, by Kathleen Elgin. McKay. $3.95.

An explanation of the beliefs and concerns of the Society of Friends yesterday and today. (12 and up)

A Quiet Place, by Rose Blue. Pictures by Tom Feelings. Watts. $3.50.

Nine years old, a foster child and black, Matthew is shunted from one crowded home to another. He escapes to his "quiet place" in books borrowed from the public library. But when the library closes for renovation, Matthew's private world shatters, to be rebuilt only by the warm, tender love of his newest foster family and the coming of the Bookmobile. (9-11)

The Riot Report, edited by Barbara Ritchie. Viking. $4.95.

A juvenile version of the **Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorder,** illustrated with photographs. (12 and up)

Roberto Clemente: Batting King, by Arnold Hano. Putnam's. $3.49.

A moving biography spanning twelve years in the life of this gentle and unusually versatile baseball player from Puerto Rico, who, despite numerous physical disabilities, achieved a position of eminent superiority in this highly competitive sport. (10 and up)

Sail, Calypso!, by Adrienne Jones. Little, Brown, $4.95.

An armed truce between two boys, one black, one white, ends in close friendship as they rebuild a derelict sailboat. (8-12)

The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou, by Kristin Hunter. Scribner. $3.95.

A sensitive novel of a young black girl growing up in a northern city and sustained through the complexities of ghetto life by her family and her own pride in her heritage. (12 and up)

They Took their Stand, by Emma Sterne. Crowell-Collier. $4.50.

The lives of eleven southern white people who fought for the abolition of slavery and full equality for the black man are unforgettably chronicled in this well-written book. (10-14)

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WHAT IS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS?

NCCJ is a civic organization engaged in a nation-wide program of intergroup education. It enlists Protestants, Catholics and Jews who without compromise of conscience or of their distinctive and important religious differences work together to build better relationships among men of all religions, races and nationalities. Its operation is civic and social although, obviously, the roots of the brotherhood which it seeks to build are in the moral law and in religious faith.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Three Who Dared, by Tom Cohen. Doubleday. $3.50.
Dramatic accounts of how three young men, Henry M. Aronson, Eric Weinberger, white, and John O'Neal, black, gave up comfortable lives and promising personal careers in the North to go South to work for the end of segregation in 1964-65. (11 and up)

Understanding Africa, by E. Jefferson Murphy. Illustrated by Louise E. Jefferson. Crowell. $4.95.
A survey that concentrates chiefly on "Black" Africa—history, peoples, development of new nations, present conditions and hopes for the future. (young people)

Warrior on Two Continents: Thaddeus Kosciuszko, by David J. Abodaher. Messner. $3.50.
This Polish patriot joined the fight for American independence and later fought against Russian oppression of his native land. Indicative of his passion for freedom was the will, made in America, which provided for the purchase, emancipation and financial security of slaves, with specific instructions for their education. (10-14)

When Carlos Closed the Street, by Peggy Mann. Illustrated by Peter Burchard. Coward-McCann. $3.86.
The difficulties of playing ball on city streets, especially in a racially divided block, lead a young Puerto Rican boy into an encounter with the police. It all works out happily, thanks to Carlos' ingenuity and earnestness and in the process he learns a lot. (8-11)

Whose Town? by Lorenz Graham. Crowell. $4.50.
David Williams, a serious level-headed Negro youth, asks himself this question with increasing bitterness as he and his friends suffer indignities and physical violence during months that culminate in riots that tear North Town apart. (12-16)

MAJORS AND MINORS

MUSIC

The Metropolitan Opera and its locked-out performers resolved their differences amid a glow of mutual hatred so warm I'm told it may not diminish until there's a complete turnover at the House. Well, changes are needed in our only major opera company. Chorus and ballet need fresh blood. Unions should stop acting as if they were dealing with some profit-bloated corporation. Management and the board must think of the Met as a cultural, not a social obligation, accept the unions' offer to perform during negotiations and never again wield a contemptible weapon like starvation against them.

I was so worried about House morale after all those weeks without pay that I was actually relieved, at *Die Zauberflöte,* to find the Met pretty much the same. Chorus and orchestra did sound a bit dispirited, but then so did Mozart when struck repeatedly by the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, a reverse alchemist who makes golden music sound steely, brassy or leaden. My spirits weren't exactly lifted, either, by that garish, unsuitable Chagall production which treats *Zauberflöte* as if it were some sort of sublime Muzak to accompany an ever changing exhibition of never changing costumes and drops. Fortunately for Mozart and me, Hermann Prey was a superb Papageno and Nicolai Gedda, Teresa Zylis-Gara, John Macurdy, Lucia Popp and good old Paul Franke did very well. Yes, the house that Bing built and almost helped destroy was functioning as usual, both enhancing and vandalizing a repertory masterpiece with mismatched talent, and I'd be a liar if I denied my joy at having the Met back.

During its absence, when even the New York City Opera was away, I subsisted on operatic substitutes like a concert version of Bartók's one-act, two-character work, *Bluebeard's Castle,* done by the Philharmonic under Istvan Kertesz, and a double-bill by that operatic dietetic, Gian Carlo Menotti, done at City Center. Little was lost by merely listening to *Castle.* It's early (1911) Bartók, with far more going on in its Straussian orchestra than onstage. Kertesz laid out a very thick carpet of tone that may have smothered too many piquant details. Soloists Olga Szonyi and Andras Farago were definitely smothered and it's just as well. The Menotti bill, done over the Christmas holidays and looking ominously like a City Center perennial, coupled *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* his amendment to the story of the Magi, with his recent *Help, Help, the Globolinks!,* a child-like science-fiction allegory about Music Today (horrid, electronically bleeping UFO invaders are put to rout by melody played on instruments). Artistry similar to that of a Fra

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Angelico or a Paul Klee is what's needed here and, indeed, the *Amahl* libretto showed flashes of it. *Globolinks!* was flatly episodic—and woefully miscalculated; many children probably found the Globolinks, even in the drab formula designs of Alwin Nikolais, less grotesque than the campily caricatured Music Teacher, who harangued them about "sweet melody." Instead of providing truly persuasive sweet melody of his own, Menotti delivered here and in *Amahl* his usual thin, dull and obvious Grandma Moses style lyricism. Berman and Montresor's colorful *Amahl* production was my sole source of Christmas cheer.

Marilyn Horne set a vocal feast before us during this operatic famine. In November, while triumphantly fighting a cold, she gave a varied recital of *lieder* and opera that had her ranging easily through soprano, mezzo *and* contralto territory. In January, with even more solid low notes, she appeared with the Camerata Singers and the small, bass-ically weak—but good sounding—New Jersey Symphony to do, most nobly, Act II of Gluck's *Orfeo* and, most sensationally, the big *scena* from Act III of Rossini's *L'assedio di Corinto,* in which she had devastated Milan at her Scala debut. Both evenings, Horne's voice was bright, incredibly agile and accurate in its seamless rising and dropping among registers and used with immense verve and style. If Nixon does not declare her upcoming Met debut a national holiday, he can at least phone her after the performance. Marilyn Horne is the champion singer of our time.

Carnegie Hall kept us supplied with varied orchestral fare. Standards sagged only when the Pittsburgh Symphony under William Steinberg plodded, eyes down, from dawn to dusk, through squelched climaxes and slurred nuance over the once-mysterious landscape of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde.* Steinberg has, I know, been ill and may do better; his orchestra has a virtuoso deficiency. Soloists Maureen Forrester and Jean Cox sounded undernourished, too, but Forrester's phrasing was always wondrous. Far finer orchestras came on Carnegie's International Festival. The NHK Symphony, the 120-man ensemble of the Japanese radio, astonished me with its rich strings and generally excellent brass and winds. If it had a peculiarly "Japanese" trait, it was the percussion's uncanny ability to set exquisite daintiness alongside formalized brutality. What gem-like Debussy, Berlioz and even Mahler it must do! Judging from conductor Hiroyuki Iwaki's fleet and powerful "Eroica," I'd say he, too, is something to hear in Western music. The Chicago Symphony appeared under its new conductor, Georg Solti, and seemed more superbly disciplined than ever. In fact, Solti got such razor-sharp entrances and finely drawn melodic lines in Haydn's Symphony No. 102 and Bartók's Dance Suite that I was jolted to hear Brahms' First (the "Inescapable") going soft from distensions in its chorale finale. Surely, Brahms stretched things out quite enough in this strenuous work. He sawed away at his muse like a lumberjack.

Pianists were about, too. Victor Eresko, the latest young Soviet Dynamo, debuted at Alice Tully Hall with a slambang virtuoso recital of Prokofiev, Scriabin and Rachmaninov that took far more out of me than him. I'm told this appalling one-sided program had been forged behind Kremlin walls and was, as they say, "non-negotiable." It may have suited Eresko. He seemed more eager to play the piano than to make music. His tone was immense. He reveled in extremes of tempi and dynamics. His phrasing was either clotted or commonplace. Rachmaninov dominated the encores rattled off with suspicious promptness. Vladimir Ashkenazy, another Russian but a defector (if any form of "defect" can apply to so fine an artist), had a load of Liszt's damp fireworks to set off in his Steinway at his sold-out Carnegie Hall recital yet, whenever Liszt allowed, he played with the subtle impetus and silken strength that had proved so marvelous earlier in Schubert's sublimely casual Sonata in G, Op. 78. Alicia de Larrocha, another tiny package of immense artistry, lavished such uniquely warm and clear playing on a lightweight program that I wasn't bored even during sonatas by Grieg and Ginastera. God help us if artists like Ashkenazy and De Larrocha ever get locked out!

HARRIS GREEN

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

TOM MCKEOWN

PHANTASMA OF WOMEN

While I am standing
in the sand,
a hundred women
come dancing from the sea,
each bearing a face
I think I know.

I try to speak to them,
to touch them,
but there is only silence
as they move
and light cascading
from their arms.

They turn round and round
and smile
until even the sea
is in their breasts
and all the living world
is sleeping
within the smooth
white marble
of their thighs.

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BOOKS

From Shakespeare to Modernism, hope and transcendence

Between Earth and Heaven; Shakespeare, Dostoevsky, and the Meaning of Christian Tragedy

ROGER L. COX

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95

SALLIE TESELLE

Cox's method of operation is evident in his handling of the major theme of the book, the question of Christian tragedy. He says that in relation to any piece of imaginative writing two questions occur: What kind of a work is it and what thought or feeling informs it and gives it meaning?

> If in relation to a particular work, we can answer the first question by common consent with the word *tragedy,* and if we can answer the second, by careful and convincing argument, with the word *Christian,* then the abstract debate as to whether or not Christian tragedy can even exist may be relegated to its proper place as a matter for speculative thinkers rather than for students of literature.

The question of the *possibility* of Christian tragedy as a genre interests him little, for he rightly sees that the way to adjudicate the question is not by speculative debate (too often conducted by theologians) but by a concrete criticism conducted by a literary critic (albeit one well versed in Christian matters) on certain texts.

This fine book makes a substantial contribution to Shakespearean and Dostoevskian criticism. It is written by a literary critic, using literary criteria. In spite of its surface similarity to theological or Christian criticism, it does not rightly fall under that rubric, for the author does not interpret the works under consideration from a Christian perspective simply because they are "open" to such a perspective but because he feels, as a *literary* critic, that they *demand* it. He attempts to show that many critical puzzles in the writings of Shakespeare and Dostoevsky are adequately solved only from a Christian context, and it is his detailed justification of his contention that makes the book important and convincing. Unlike much theological criticism, which is a veiled apologetic of some sort, no such objection can be leveled against Cox's effort. His one prevailing criterion is this: Does a Christian con-

text provide a viable critical perspective on Shakespeare and Dostoevsky which can be substantiated by careful textual analysis?

Cox's understanding of a Christian context is as concrete as is his literary performance, for he says that "the sole criterion for judging whether or not something is specifically and genuinely Christian will be the extent to which it reflects the language, the thought patterns, and the imagery of the New Testament." This is a wise decision, for it provides him a definite and manageable standard (and one that diverse bodies of Christians would have trouble gainsaying). His thesis is that Shakespeare relied on Pauline themes for the informing thought or feeling in his major tragedies *(Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear)* while Dostoevsky turned to Johannine thought and imagery in his novels *(Crime and Punishment, The Idiot, Brothers Karamazov).* The major part of the book is a detailed attempt to substantiate this thesis both in conversation with other critical perspectives and vis-à-vis the texts.

His performance on *Lear* is indicative of his merits. *Lear,* perhaps the most subtle and most diversely interpreted of Shakespeare's tragedies, has been viewed frequently as a refutation of all moral structures, whether natural or Christian, by the naked facts of experience. But Cox sees the question of whether *Lear* is basically Christian and affirmative, or pagan and pessimistic, as too gross a way of dealing with its informing realities.

> One must therefore be very circumspect about applying the word *affirmative* either to *King Lear* in particular or to Christianity in general. And much the same is true of the adjective *pessimistic.* The conception of grace is almost all that keeps Christianity from being the most pessimistic view imaginable. The notion that a human being is like a kernel of wheat in that it "does not come to life unless it dies" stems from a rather grim view of natural life. But the same process of redemption through suffering, the same suggestion that "Death is swallowed up in victory" characterizes both, and makes the words *pessimistic* and *optimistic* seem feeble indeed when applied either to the play or to the religious texts on which it is based.

Sacrificial suffering, unmerited but necessary, on the part of the king can hardly be called an optimistic ending

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in any simple sense, but it is *Christian* optimism, and Cox's understanding of the paradoxical nature of Christian optimism is one indication both of his sensitivity to the play and to Christian faith.

While Cox does not see any critics on the scene who agree with his perspective, there are some. Walter Stein's recent book, *Criticism as Dialogue* (Cambridge University Press, 1969) mirrors Cox's view of *Lear* very closely, for Stein also sees the play as a Christian tragedy.

> The world remains what it was, a merciless, heart-breaking world. Lear is broken by it, but he has learned to love and be loved; to gaze at the maddening cosmos through radical, "foolish" love.

Moreover, on the broader question of "Christian tragedy" (which Cox claims he is alone in defending), he also has company. He neglects to mention William Lynch's *Christ and Apollo* (Sheed and Ward, 1960), a book that concurs in Cox's view that Christianity is tragic to its core, for the relentless march of Christ to the limits of the finite is the model of the tragic awareness that insight comes only "when the dramatic text has allowed itself to move through human time to the very last point of human finitude and helplessness."

It remains to say a word about the one flaw I found in the book: Cox's decision to *start* wtih a chapter on the Gospels as tragedies, indeed, as *the* model of tragedy. By so doing he stacks the cards in his own favor. He rejects the Greek notion of *hamartia,* the "fault" which, since Aristotle, has become a touchstone for identifying tragedy, and replaces it with a working definition of tragedy as unmerited but necessary suffering issuing in the voluntary acceptance of sacrificial action to free the "chorus" of guilt—a model that fits Christ very nicely indeed and for which he is the model. It would have been more convincing, I believe, to start with the accepted tragedies *(Hamlet* and *Crime and Punishment)* and to cap his study with his interpretation of the Gospels. "To find life one must lose it" is a tragic insight as well as a Christian one, but the cultured among the despisers will more readily admit the affinity if they are brought to the tragedy in the Gospels by way of the tragedies of Shakespeare and Dostoevsky.

Prophets and Guardians

MERIOL TREVOR

Doubleday, $5.95

DAVID O'BRIEN

History, in the hands of a skilled practitioner, can serve many purposes. It can inspire hope and it can chasten the proud. Best of all, it can provide perspective, helping men realize that all things human are transient, even their most cherished assumptions and their most powerful institutions. It is this use of history which Meriol Trevor brings to bear on the contemporary crisis in the Catholic church, hoping to demonstrate to the impassioned controversialists of our own day that "certain ideas and aims which seem new have a long history *within* the church." Those who would preserve or renew the faith for modern man would do well to recognize and analyze the diverse traditions contained within the common history of the Christian people.

Prophets who would reform and renew Christianity by openness and dialogue with modern man and guardians who would preserve the faith by vigorous use of authority and discipline are leaders of two major traditions in Christian history. Each has its obvious strengths and less obvious weaknesses. The prophetic often minimize the importance of unity, of the common life of the people of God, while their opponents as frequently identify the faith with its human forms. Never were these weaknesses more clear or the struggle between the two camps more severe than in the years between the French Revolution and the second Vatican Council. They expressed themselves in terms of fraternity versus paternalism, the latter entrenched in the Roman curia and given force by the isolation of the Catholic people.

Moving backward, Miss Trevor first examines the modernists, Loisy, Tyrrell, and von Hugel. They lived and worked for the welfare of the church of Christ and dreamed of an intellectual awakening which would reconcile the heritage of the faith with the new light of science. Misunderstood and attacked by intransigent and frequently unscrupulous guardians who could see nothing but heresy in their work, they ended in isolation, with only von Hugel remaining within the fold. Another step backward are the "historians" Dollinger and Acton combatting the infallibilists at Vatican I. Again their prophecy based on the science of history met a guardianship lacking intelligence and charity. A few years earlier and the scenario was the same with Lamennais and his friends in Rome on behalf of God and Liberty facing a Curia dedicated to the old order. The historical excursion ends with a few reflections on Benedict XIV, a Pope John of the eighteenth century, and Philip Neri, whose republican religious community manifested that fraternal tradition so notable by its absence in the post-Reformation church.

It would be easy to see the work of John XXIII and his Council as the culmination of the fraternal, prophetic tradition. But Miss Trevor has doubts; Tyrrell, Loisy, Dollinger and Lamennais all ended outside the communion of the faithful; they placed their own vision above the common life of God's people. She prefers Philip Neri, Lacordaire, von Hugel, for they recognized the central importance of the liturgical, sacramental community and they patiently awaited the work of the Spirit.

Understandably the true hero of this book is Newman, who was both prophet and guardian and thus an irritant and a puzzle to his embattled contem-

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poraries. Newman's remarkable mind held in creative if uneasy tension the values of both traditions. History was a check upon the church but not its judge; reason and science avenues to the Christian life but not its ultimate arbiter. Authority and freedom, fraternity and paternalism, inquiry and faith, these were the heart of Newman's thoughts and he refused to choose any poles. All operated in Christian history, all were involved in Christian life, the slow, unending process of resolution was a good part of the story of Christ's life in the world.

Miss Trevor shares Newman's sophisticated historical sense. For her the prophets brought to the church the best elements of modern life and the guardians in Rome were scandalously slow to recognize the fact. But many prophets failed too in their impatience and self-righteousness. The historian, recognizing the values of both camps, can see their integral role in modern Christian history. What really matters, after all, is not success or failure of the institution or its members but the development of the church as "an interpersonal society within the human race which is meant to include all men, by their free choice and in responsible self-commitment." The best prophet, and the best guardian, is he who, like Newman and John XXIII, realizes that the Christian "must build in time the city that will never be completed in time."

Useful as Miss Trevor's descriptive analysis of the historical background of contemporary controversy may be, at least one reservation must be offered. Stressing traditions, fraternal and paternal, necessitates a degree of abstraction which can obscure the economic and political forces at work both within and without the church. Questions of institutional power and prestige, and personal power within the institution, influenced choices between prophets and guardians quite as much as the intellectual factors involved. Lamennais and the Modernists did not see this and thus they refused to act politically within the church and were destroyed. Acton saw it and tried to use outside political pressure on Vatican I, but he failed. We are learning today that organization, agitation, conflict, even direct action may be as necessary to the reform of the church as possession of an adequate theology. Guardians have known how to use ecclesiastical politics to promote their views within the church. Prophets and reformers might well learn to do likewise.

Religion, Revolution And the Future

JURGEN MOLTMANN

Scribner's, $5.95

The Future of God

CARL E. BRAATEN

Harper & Row, $5.95

The Rainbow Sign: Christian Futurity

GABRIEL FACKRE

Wm B. Eerdmans, $4.50

ALBERT L. SCHLITZER

An article in a recent Sunday magazine bears the title, "How Soon Can We Change The Human Race?" Scholars now seriously weigh the awesome power which science and technology are placing in our hands to shape the future of man, even to the extent of manipulating the basic cell structure of the human body. The question now seems to be no longer, *whether?* but, *how soon?* The future of man on his earth has taken on a concern and a meaning hardly suspected by our forefathers in their wildest dreams. Utopian dreams have turned into realistic possibilities. Any lingering doubts on this score were dramatically dispelled last summer when Armstrong called his first step on the moon "a giant step for mankind." Man is not now reaching for the moon fancifully. He has walked on it, and is taking it apart.

To a greater or less degree, for better or for worse, theologians have always been influenced by current cosmologies and "sciences." This is true of the great ones, Augustine, Aquinas and the rest. The golden days of Scholasticism coincided with infantile days of "science," and this gap showed up markedly in the theologies. Man had little reason for self-confidence, little reason to understand, let alone take up, his responsibility in and for this world.

Significantly with the decline of Scholasticism came the rise of science and technology. Came the Enlightenment with its new appreciation of history, its first ventures into sociology and its exuberant expectation of transforming man through education. Came the nineteenth century with geology offering strange evidence of the age of man on earth far different from that which men had read out of, or rather into, the Bible. Came Darwin with persuasive evidence of evolution and of man's belonging to earth quite divergent from the old-fashioned creationism. Questions of time and space, of past and of future were in the air. As man's relations to this world were now known to reach back millions upon millions of years, so he learned to look to a future of proportionate duration: a future of almost terrifying potentialities.

Let us remember, too, that science and technology of the nineteenth century have rendered immense help to scripture scholars to read the Bible in some respects quite differently and more accurately than scholars of an earlier age. Alerted to the potentialities of the future which science and technology open up to us, one may well wonder to what extent the "new earth" of which

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the Bible speaks is to be apocalyptic and divinely induced and to what extent it is to come from man himself. "Apocalyptic eschatology and secular futurology can be correlated and their horizons connected," believes Braaten.

If concern with the past and evolution dominated the nineteenth century, concern with the future and revolution dominates our age. Demand for change is today so insistent, so widespread and thoroughgoing that it merits the name revolution: sociological, political, and ecclesiastical. Is there a conventional way of life, an established structure of social living that escapes siege and violence? The one-time citadel of quiet and order, the university campus, has become the testing ground of the overthrow of the establishment. City after city has suffered the agony of rioting and destruction. The police find themselves looked upon no longer as the custodians of justice, but the brutal protectors of injustice. Traditional church teaching and church structures bear the brunt of frontal attacks. Priests refuse to live and work under the conditions characteristic of the past: celibate and obedient to superiors. Laymen refuse to bow under the paternalism of pastor or Pope. Church authority itself hardly contributes to tranquility. Changes in the liturgy have proved too late and too little for some, too frequent and too much for others.

Change is in the air, and the theologian who wants to be in step with the times has to come up with a theology of change. Far from offering solace to those who want to keep the traditional ways and are profoundly agitated by the threat to conventional structures of society and church, theologians claim to find in the Christian message itself a call to constant restlessness, to periodic change that amounts to revolution. Their theological stance goes under various names: theology of hope, eschatological theology, theology of dissent, theology of revolution.

Of the authors of the books here under review Moltmann merits top billing because of his pioneering work on the subject, although this new book of his offers no advance on his thinking contained in previous writings. Here he gathers together lectures which he gave recently on a tour of the United States. Worthy of note is the inclusion of the term, "Revolution," in the title. Moltmann was inspired by the Marxist philosopher, Ernst Bloch, by a rereading of the Bible and a recapturing, so he says, of the essentially eschatological nature of Christian life.

Braaten leans heavily on Moltmann, yet his book reflects lively personal thought. The subtitle of his book, *The Revolutionary Dynamics of Hope*, better than the title, unveils the main thrust of the book. Fackre writes very much in a similar vein, which is perhaps to be expected, since the two studied together for a time. Fackre writes the more buoyantly, apparently less apprehensive than Braaten over the constant uncertainties to which their analysis or Christian hope commits them. Braaten bears a slight suggestion of Peter his feet uncertain on the water crying out, "Lord, save me."

Perhaps that picture of Peter uncertain of his footing, ready to leave the security of his boat, as Abraham was the security of his home, only because the Lord beckons on ahead, well illustrates the central theme of eschatological theology. The eschaton is not a goal-line, not a cornucopia, but a Person, the Lord Jesus.

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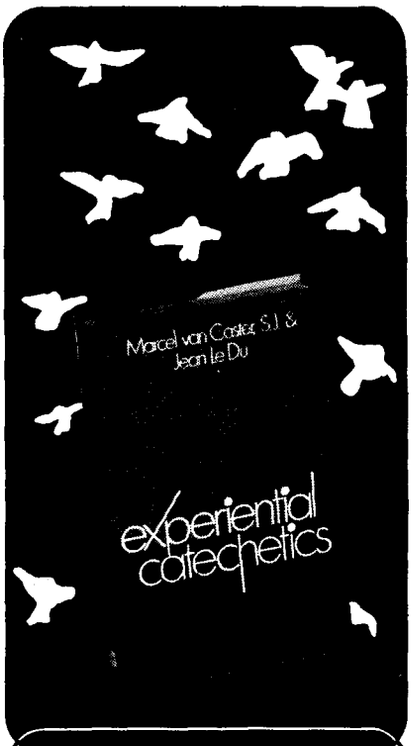

OVER the last thirty years, the Church has seen catechetics move through a number of phases in its search for a contemporary Christian catechesis. The modern era has been marked by a renewal of method, then by a renewal of biblical-liturgical content. Although this first transition broke with the strictly traditional theological categories and with the question and answer method, the personalist salvation-history approach still remained somewhat distant from the categories of human experience.

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By
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Persons

ROLAND PUCCETTI

Herder and Herder, $5.95

BERNARD MURCHLAND

This is a very intelligent book. Combining logical analysis, scientific fact (and some fiction) and theological speculation, Professor Puccetti (at the University of Singapore) offers a bold analysis of the possibility of extra-human life in the cosmos. At the basis of this analysis is a rather simple question: if life generated spontaneously on the earth's surface why not elsewhere? The hypothesis that extraterrestrial life exists is plausible for two logical reasons. In the first place there is evidence favorable to the hypothesis. In the second place, there is no way we could falsify it. For this would require that we inspect the total universe to make sure that it is devoid of intelligent life. Puccetti asks: how could we ever expect to visit hundreds of sun-like stars within a 100-light-year radius or a hundred-thousand out of 1000 light years? Given the fact that there are at least 100 million candidates in our galaxy alone, and ten thousand million more known galaxies and, in addition, given the probability that this is only one-tenth of the total in the universe, it would be simply impossible to ever catch up with them. The hypothesis that extra-human life exists elsewhere in the universe is unfalsifiable in principle.

What evidence favors the hypothesis? Puccetti begins by formulating a person-concept. To minimally qualify as a person a being must have two things: the ability to assimilate a conceptual scheme and the capacity to function as a moral agent (which means that we must be able to experience sensations, emotions, etc.). We know that the human person must be a model for any consideration of other kinds of persons. Of the two requirements the moral capacity is pre-eminently what distinguishes persons from other kinds of conscious life. Animals are to some degree intelligent. Certain machines are so to a high degree. The logic of our language permits us to talk of certain highly developed mechanisms as "conscious" in the sense that they have ratiocinative powers. But there is no way we can speak of them as moral agents. Thus "X is a moral agent, but not a person" would be self-contradictory, whereas "X is a moral agent, but not a human being" would not be. The concept of person is broader than that of what a human is.

Puccetti gives special consideration to the possibility of *artificial* persons. Supposing, he says, a group of computer scientists decided to play a joke on a timid colleague. They construct a very lifelike mannequin of a beautiful woman with all the female accessories. It has a respiratory cycle, heartbeat, voice box, and so forth. It is programmed to say flattering things and respond warmly in intimate situations. Let us now imagine that their colleague meets and falls in love with this para-human creation. Eventually there is talk of marriage and the scientists fear their joke has gone too far. They decide to tell their friend the truth. But, let us suppose, he still wants to continue his relationship with what would appear to be no more than an intelligent doll. Is there any way the scientists can convince him that the robot, although intelligent, cannot really feel or respond morally? Some think not. The performatory evidence, they point out, is present. Furthermore, there are certain demonstrable connections between the language of feeling (e.g. pain) and the feeling itself. But Puccetti is not willing to go quite so far. What is crucial here, he argues, is the *inorganic* nature of the components that make up the robot. Unless the whole nervous system were organically constructed we would not be warranted in ascribing feeling-states.

Thus Puccetti concludes that the issue of feelings marks the logical limit to machine technology. "A machine can think," he says, "and possibly think consciously, be intelligent, arrive at original solutions to problems, modify its responses in accord with experience, assimilate human language . . . and even be self-reproducing. But so long as it is truly a *machine* it will not have feelings . . . what really cuts the machine off from the community of persons is not, therefore, a necessary lack of consciousness, but a highly probable lack of feeling." The only way to overcome this dead-end, Puccetti thinks, would be to discover a way of creating organic materials from inorganic materials and, secondly, gain complete

the myth of the Judeo-Christian tradition

and other dissenting essays

by ARTHUR A. COHEN

Are Christians and Jews theological enemies? Is the so-called Judeo-Christian tradition a myth created by Christian guilt and Jewish neurosis?

Yes, the author of *The Natural and Supernatural Jew* says firmly. In this book, Mr. Cohen examines the myth, its uses and dishonesties. Some of the essays (like those on Toynbee and Thurston N. Davis, S.J.) are heated, others conciliatory and prophetic. A number have appeared in national magazines and stirred controversy. All are provocative and intellectually exciting

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control of the genetic code. Of course, these conditions may eventually come to be. Quite apart from this, though, this question occurred to me: why is it that a machine can learn a conceptual scheme but not a moral sense? I am not altogether satisfied with Puccetti's treatment of this question for it seems to me that he leaves many relevant points unexamined—among them the relationship between language and morality. It may be that in some important way our moral sense is derivative from our ability to conceptualize. Or it may be that machines simply aren't intelligent in any substantial sense. However, Puccetti is certainly right in thinking of organic artifacts as a remote existential possibility.

Turning next to the possibility of naturally evolved extra-human persons, which is to say persons existing in some other part of the universe, the author notes that the scientific basis for this belief emerged only recently. He regards it as the fulfillment of the Copernican Revolution. "One can say Copernicus' theory led to a spatial decentralization of the Earth, as Darwin's evolutionary hypothesis led to a temporal decentralization of man's biological history. Taken together, these twin blows against anthropocentrism opened the way to seeing advanced forms of life on Earth as but incidental occurrences in a cosmic evolutionary process." Thus belief in life beyond earth has become an attractive hypothesis. How might it be confirmed? By observation and visitation of or communication with other extraterrestrial bodies. There are serious difficulties involved in earth-based observation but space travel has opened up vast possibilities of visitation and Puccetti has a good deal to say about the possibilities of inter-galactic communication. This part of *Persons* is very suggestive and supported by impressive scientific evidence.

Puccetti's concluding remarks on the theological implications of his thesis are more sketchy but interesting in their own right. He begins by noting that most world religions rarely envisage the possibility of life elsewhere. Christianity is especially particularistic. "The prospect of extraterrestrial intelligence, concerning which the principal sacred writings of Christianity, Judaism, and Islam are absolutely silent, generates a profound suspicion that these terrestrial faiths are no more than that." He suggests religionists might do one of two things before the challenge of extra-human life. They might simply deny the existence of such life. That would not be the most intelligent reaction. They might more convincingly argue that extraterrestrial religions need not be "independent" of ours at all. Perhaps we could in principle form with them a moral community and a single religious community. It is, of course, possible that there is a single salvation plan for the whole universe. But it does not follow from this that earthly religions would find their counterparts in other parts of the cosmos. There might be (or have been), for example, multiple incarnations by means of which other finite creatures became united hypostatically to the divine Word. This is no doubt a

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possibility but it raises the question of why there might not also have been multiple incarnations on earth, why for example Socrates might not have been a divine incarnation. If we are going to be universalists it would seem logical to begin at home. There is nothing very orthodox about this suggestion and that is no doubt why Puccetti cuts short his observations on these and like questions with the summary judgment that "we cannot have a vital religious tradition—hence necessarily particularistic—and at the same time a plausibly 'universal' sytem of religious beliefs. That is the true upshot of the Copernican Revolution in our time." If we abandon particularistic religions in favor of a universal religion we would necessarily emerge with a different concept of religion. And that could be all to the good. Puccetti suggests that the root of religious striving is the quest for otherness, getting away from one's individuality and even humanity to identify with a fulfilling other. It may be that this yearning can best be satisfied by encounter with extra-human persons rather than in sophisticated machines or theological abstractions. At this point, of course, we have reached the breathtaking vistas of speculation and a new vision of what man could be. To have credited an author with bringing us thus far is to have praised him sufficiently.

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Naming the Whirlwind: The Renewal of God-language

LANGDON GILKEY

Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50

JOHN MACQUARRIE

This is an important and constructive book by the Professor of Theology in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. Although we have not been hearing much recently about the so-called "death of God," Mr. Gilkey believes that the "questions of the reality of God and the possibility of language about him are still our most pressing current theological problems, prior to all other theological issues." The "death of God" theologians may have been wrong—they may not even have been "theologians"—but the issue which they raised is a very real one and cannot be swept under the carpet. Hence Gilkey is critical of the new "theology of hope" as represented by Moltmann, Metz and others, for it goes on to talk glibly of the "promises of God," simply bypassing the question of whether any talk of God can make sense in a secular age.

The essential characteristics of the secular mood are described in terms of contingency, relativity, temporality and autonomy. If we take these characteristics seriously, then any talk of God seems to be ruled out. But we cannot help taking them seriously, for all men nowadays share in the secular mood. The Christian apologist has not simply to address doubters who are outside of the church. Doubt is within the church also, and God-language seems often to be as strange and unintelligible to people within the church as it is to people outside.

The trouble with the "death of God" school was that they saw no way out of the situation except for the church to make a complete capitulation to the secular mood. Gilkey is well aware that the relation of church and world must be more dialectical than that. "The hard secularity of the present is not an ultimate authority to which all our thinking must bow." He draws a parallel between the relation of Christianity to the prevailing Hellenism of the early centuries and its relation to secularism today. In both cases, there is demanded criticism as well as accommodation, and Gilkey claims that "secularism has been a more faithful and helpful critic of the churches than they have been of their society."

There is detailed discussion of the views of van Buren, Hamilton, Altizer and Rubenstein. The discussion is sympathetic, but Gilkey finds all of these thinkers involved in inconsistency. Perhaps this will turn out to have been the definitive critique of the "death of God" movement in Christian theology.

But what are the alternatives, if we are to take the secularity of our times seriously? Gilkey is just as critical of what he takes to be the two major alternatives in current theology—the "revelation" theology, represented by the Barthian and neo-orthodox tradi-

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tion, and the "metaphysical" theology, represented in the United States chiefly by those who relate their theology to the philosophy of Whitehead and his followers. Gilkey's complaint is that if we are going to take secularity seriously, then we are begging the question if we begin our theology from the fact of revelation or even from the assumption that the world has that kind of unity and intelligibility which permit metaphysics to get off the ground. At this point, however, it may be questioned whether Gilkey is not oversimplifying the current options in theology by dividing them into "revelational" and "metaphysical." For instance, he places Tillich in the first of these categories, but this is decidedly a misfit, and in fact Tillich's views on these matters are not very far from those for which Gilkey himself finally decides.

The second part of the book contains the constructive proposals. It offers a prolegomenon to theology, a clearing of the ground so that God-language may begin. The main thrust of the argument is that the secular outlook fails to do justice to the richness of secular experience itself. Even in our contingency and relativity, we become aware of elements of ultimacy in our experience—the unconditioned demand of obligation, the mystery of freedom and creativity, the joy and surprise of existing. In an extraordinarily wide-ranging analysis of ordinary experience, Gilkey persuasively shows that there are depths in human experience which demand to be symbolized in ways of which the traditional God-language offers a paradigm. It is at this point that he seems very close to Tillich, who claimed that religion is not a separate department of life but rather the dimension of depth which can be discovered in all experience.

As well as Tillich, the influence of Schleiermacher, Eliade, phenomenology and existentialism are apparent in Gilkey's thought.

Some of Gilkey's historical assertions are surely open to question. The doctrine of internal relations is said to dominate every form of modern philosophy, but it was precisely the rejection of this doctrine by Moore and Russell (though not by Whitehead) which initiated the realist revolt against idealism; and it may be asked whether those who have clung to this doctrine are not those who, rejecting pluralism, have also clung to the notion of the world as an intelligible unity. It is most surprising to be told that Hegelianism has entered theology via Altizer, for there were many distinguished exponents of Hegelian theology in the 19th century.

The book is unnecessarily long and repetitious. Even so, some important topics are insufficiently considered. For instance, Gilkey's view that religious language is not a distinctive language but ordinary language used in a religious way ignores the fact that there is a distinctive religious vocabulary ("sin," "grace" and the like) and the problem this vocabulary presents.

But, aside from these criticisms, we are here presented with a powerful argument for the renewal of God-talk, as necessary for the symbolizing and expression of the most human elements in our experience. God is misunderstood if he is taken as that kind of transcendence which "drains" us of our identity—to use Gilkey's phrase. On the contrary, God realizes man.

Transcendence

Edited by HERBERT W. RICHARDSON and DONALD R. CUTLER

Beacon Press, $7.50

MARY DALY

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subject of central importance. Indeed studies of such problems as the nature of the church, Christian hope, campus ministry, clerical celibacy, etc., etc., can be seen as peripheral to the problem of the meaning of transcendence.

In his introduction, Herbert Richardson points out that the study of transcendence is provoked by the quest for transcendence. As an example of an episode in the quest he describes the ecstatic experience of a group of Tibetan monks in northern India who were filmed by one of the contributors to the volume, Huston Smith. The monks were able to utter unearthly music consisting of chords that each monk could himself sound.

Some of the essays in the book also come through as rather unearthly music and the effect is to communicate not only cerebral understanding but also a yen for transcendence.

Sam Keen in his essay, "Manifesto for a Dionysian Theology," calls for a theology of the spirit, leisure, play, listening, waiting, feeling, chaos, the unconscious. "A Dionysian theology tends in the direction of pantheism or panentheism. God is not a being but Being itself, or the ground of being." It is clear that this is the direction in which Keen wants to see theology go. He abhors the timidity that would cause us to refuse "the ecstasy of allowing our ideas, our bodies and our institutions to dance."

Among the essays that dance is that of Harvey Cox, entitled "Feasibility and Fantasy." Stressing the need for fantasy to go beyond feasibility, Cox hopes that religion can help to restore the capacity for imaginative self-transcendence. The vision of the Kingdom of God can act as a catalyst stimulating the culture to transcend itself and its current values, although it can and does at times act as a deterrent to change. Cox looks for the kind of radical vision which once inspired men to try to change quality instead of just quantity. He readily admits that this will require that we discard most of what we now believe about normalcy, mental illness, and mental health. Warning that we need to recognize that "normalcy," "health," "feasibility," and even "reality" are historically and socially conditioned constructs, he insists that "we must listen to the deviants of our society before pronouncing them all kooks."

Also well along on the Dionysian way is Huston Smith, who distinguishes this-worldly transcendence (as in love, hope, and commitment to a cause) and ontological transcendence. He parts company with the "secular theologians" by pursuing the possibility of ontological transcendence. He points out the paradox in the fact that the secular theologians propose that we drop all talk of a "behind the scenes" reality and yet tend to be science enthusiasts, for indeed "behind the scenes" sounds like "precisely what the scientists have been uncovering as they penetrate deeper into nature's undersurface. In human experience, probability waves and antimatter aren't exactly at stage center."

Although he readily grants that hints of transcendence or at least analogies may be found in science, Smith hardly concludes that theology should merely follow in the train of science. Rather, we should "show that in the interest of control science ultimately turns its back on values and meanings in favor of what can be known objectively." The most important task of the neo-negative theology, in his view, is to demonstrate in detail that contemporary epistemologies, vectored by science whose primary purpose is to control nature, "are correlatively partial and incapable in principle of doing justice to reality's full dimension." Aside from immanence and this-worldly transcendence, he maintains, there is also the possibility of ontological transcendence which "presses the possibility that reality includes surprising corridors of worth that elude ordinary eyes."

Herbert Richardson, in "Three Myths of Transcendence," suggests that what is needed today is "a new transcendence and identity myth as the foundation of the psychophysical order. . . . Its theme is *integrity* and *transformation*." That is, it involves a "self-transformation into a higher order." It implies a journey unlike that of Ulysses, which took him home again. The journey to integrity and transformation means that by his fidelity to his own project for himself man gains for himself his own positive identity, his own aseity of being. The kind of transcendence involved here is self-transcendence, which implies a completeness and self-sufficiency of every man, thereby making possible a new kind of human community, which is not based simply on need of another. Richardson's portrayal of this form of transcendence inspires as an ideal, but perhaps the reader may have nagging doubts about whether it is an attainable ideal. Yet again perhaps this is beside the point, for what is proposed is not some fixed state to be attained once and for all, but rather a direction in which one can aim one's aspirations.

There are other essays that are inclined to dance a bit here and there, notably that of Michael Murphy, president of the Esalen Institute and that of Robert Bellah. Murphy points out that the various disciplines that evoke transcendence—including transcendental meditation and Zen training—all attempt to break perceptual constancies. "They all require surrender at crucial moments to alien and formerly resisted perceptions or feelings; and they all engender increased vitality and

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joy and a greater sense of meaning, freedom, and power when their practice is successful." Murphy believes that the introduction of techniques that trigger transcendental experiences into education makes it possible "to envision a future in which transcendent disciplines for individuals, families, and groups serve as integral facets of Western culture." Some would find Murphy's optimism somewhat naive, particularly if they reflect upon Marcuse's warning that in our technocracy everything can be absorbed and co-opted.

Some of the essays might remind the reader of Keen's characterization of "the Apollonian way" of doing theology. Gordon Kaufmann, for example, offers a very cerebral analysis entitled "On the Meaning of God." The experience of reading it reinforces Keen's assertion that "our time is predominantly in need of recovering the Dionysian element."

On the whole the book is eminently worth reading. In an age in which everything can be co-opted by our technological society, including religion, it is imperative that we return again and again to the study of transcendence and especially to studies that stimulate the quest for transcendence.

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JOHN MEYENDORFF

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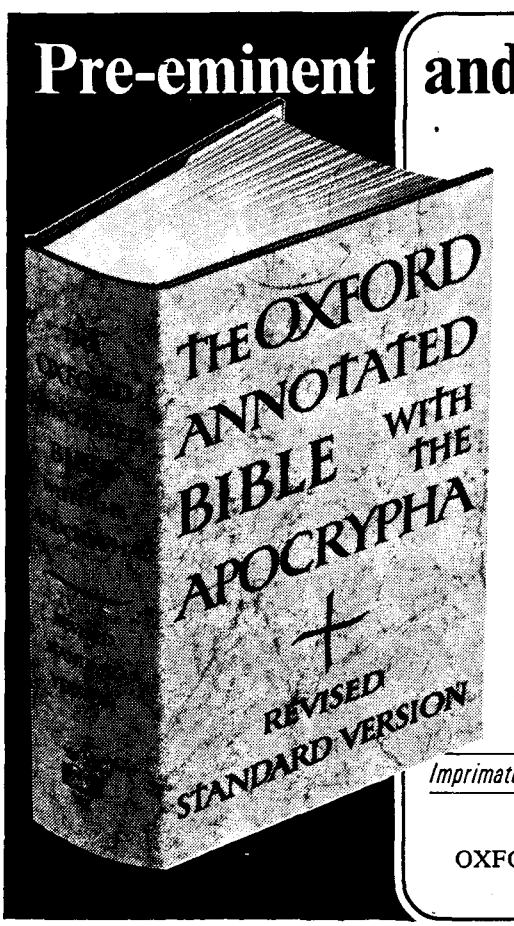
THOMAS E. BIRD

A volume on *Christ in Eastern Christian Thought* is perhaps a surprising place to find a treatise on ecumenical method, but—on one level, at least—this is what Father Meyendorff has given us. Finding certain Roman Catholic theologians (von Balthasar, Dalmais, Hausherr, Rahner, Sherwood) within the orbit of Orthodox thought, Meyendorff asserts, is of "incalculable significance." He hails the open understanding of long-disputed theological notions to which the speculative and research efforts of these men have led while summoning ecumenists of all stripes to reach an agreement about the extension and limits of tradition. "It is by facing the challenge of modern thought that contemporary Western Christianity, in the persons of its best representatives, may discover its authentic roots." This is the last sentence but one of Meyendorff's book.

At one with Georges Florovsky in believing that nothing is more relevant to the present than the dynamic recreation of the past, he does not hesitate to characterize the patristic view of the Christian message as of "astonishing relevance: Byzantine Christological thought is meeting some of the most fundamental concerns of the contemporary search for a new theology." To dismiss the serious contributions which the Fathers of the early church have to make, he implies, is to gainsay theology *grosso modo* and to place the entire theological enterprise in jeopardy. (As Newman wrote in his *Essays*, "The Fathers are our teachers . . .; they are the prophets of great things, not the spiritual directors of individuals.")

The Bollingen and Dumbarton Oaks support which underwrote this book testify to the author's academic credentials. One of the younger theologians at St. Vladimir's Orthodox Seminary, John Meyendorff is best known to the scholarly world as the author of the first full-length study of Gregory Palamas, probably Orthodoxy's most important theologian and mystic. Meyendorff has turned from his own original research to produce here a volume of skillful synthesis and expert summary. He rehearses the substantial fruits of recent investigation, notably among younger men (Bebis, Evans, Romanides), but draws upon the classics as well (Epifanovich, Florovsky, Minin). His footnotes constitute a *bibliographie raisonnée*, designed to be of maximum assistance precisely to a theologically literate, though not necessarily narrowly professional, readership.

Religion in America is already involved in a serious bifurcation. On the one hand, there is a turning in the direction of privatism (under the guises, variously, of mysticism, the personalism



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of astrology and magic, an emphasis on personal faith and response, and in some quarters a renascence of interest in ancient liturgics). On the other hand there is a burgeoning concern (self- and other-directed) for the human milieu: ecological pollution and racial inequity at home; the demands of the Third World abroad. Orthodoxy's pervasive confidence about the centrality of theosis, the divinization of man, is unfortunately not viewed and not expounded by its spokesmen with sufficient appreciation of its potential as a leaven for societal change. It is more likely that the Eastern church will prefer to capitalize on the rampant privatist revolution against rationalism and assume the role of a dynamic faith commitment/meaning structure for men in the last quarter of this century. The question is whether the accents of Orthodox Christianity can transcend current parochialism and become sufficiently attuned to the creativity of the present moment to stand forth as a faith community for the times. Or continue to issue from an insular mind-set, vintage 1880?

If dogmatic treasures ceased to be the rage during the sixties, a rich harvest is promised in the seventies for those who will speak out boldly of the faith and doctrine that is in them. This is the spirit which informs Meyendorff's volume and finds its author able to proclaim that "Man is truly man when he participates in God's life. This participation is the very core of man's nature." Here is the point of departure for the Eastern church whence she can exercise the option of contributing to contemporary religious expression: through her vibrant awareness of the notion of the Holy occurring in places that baffle, expressing itself in terms that are not even easily identified; that is, in preaching an iconic theology which confidently proclaims Christ as the icon of God in men's lives. (Did Athanasius not speak of Christ having become man in order that men might become gods?) To utter such belief is not easy in an age when the Christian church has succeeded to the heritage of indifference which marked Jesus' contemporaries.

The Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ

PIERRE BENOIT

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BRUCE VAWTER

The well-known director of the Jerusalem Ecole Biblique has gathered into this work "the outcome of addresses given on several occasions to various audiences." It is not, as he points out, a devotional book, but a thorough exegesis based on careful study and research. Those who are familiar with Benoit's scholarly contributions as they have appeared over the years, especially in the pages of *Revue biblique*, will acknowledge the justice of his claim as they encounter here the positions he has long maintained with great industry and erudition.

Both the occasional nature of the addresses and the span of years occupied by the underlying exegesis doubtless explain the unevennesses we find in this book. They are particularly apparent in the treatment of the various episodes from the standpoint of "objective" history. Like everyone else Benoit has changed and developed in his scholarly career, and it is difficult to believe that this work always faithfully reflects the later stages of his development. Thus while he has correctly analyzed the literary forms of the biblical narratives and has proceeded with unimpeachable method—a separate examination of the individual gospels with their separate theological concerns—every so often we meet with an apologetical claim for literalness or even an involved harmonization—the combination of the Judean and Galilean resurrection appearances, for example—which jar with the general direction he has assumed and defends. The book will not please the religious fundamentalist, certainly, to whose wrongheadedness Benoit offers no aid or comfort, nor will it please the blithe spirits among us to whom all of the gospel is myth and symbol, who have recently graduated into the early 19th-century skepticism which scholarship has abandoned. Neither, however, will it always

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please those who share Benoit's presuppositions and who would like to have seen him make more consistent use of them.

It would be a simple matter to dwell on this last point by citing instances, but to do so would be to give a disproportionate idea of what is right and wrong about this book. What is right is most of it. This is particularly true as regards Benoit's reconstruction of the trial of Jesus, a reconstruction which emerges as utterly convincing in its chief outlines, to be compared with but by no means subordinated to the similar efforts of Josef Blinzler and Paul Winter.

The full title of the Ecole Biblique is Ecole Biblique et Archéologique Française. The second adjective has always been an important one for the school, and it is important in accounting for this book. For some reason or other biblical archeology has always meant, for all practical purposes, archeology relating to the study of the Old Testament. The reviewer has heard distinguished New Testament scholars rather proudly proclaim their ignorance of biblical lands and sites, with the announced intention of keeping it that way.

Even when the discoveries of the papyri, the scrolls of Qumran, or the documents of Nag Hammadi have shown the Neutestamentler that he ignores at his peril at least that aspect of archeology represented in the epigraphic evidence, even here no recognition has been given it comparable to that reflected, say, in Pritchard's indispensable *Ancient Near Eastern Texts Relating to the Old Testament*, now in its third edition. Neglect of archeology is surely at least partially responsible for the impression sometimes given that New Testament scholarly imagination is subject to no objective controls whatever. One of the best results of this book may be to suggest that it can be controlled to good purpose, though at the expense of imposing the discipline of acquiring a minimum of facts.

This very value of Benoit's work might have indicated the inclusion of a map or two to illustrate for his readers the terrain which he knows like his face in the mirror. A more careful English-language (specifically, an American) editor might also have profitably transposed a few thoughts that must have sounded better in French in Jordanian Jerusalem than they ever can elsewhere. When a professional indexer can be hired at slavery's wages, the publisher who neglects his services for a work of this kind must be either frivolous or a niggard. Benet Weatherhead's translation is universally good, and to point out exceptions would be nitpicking.

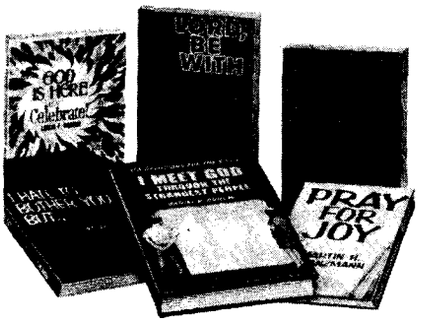
CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 571)

practically, the establishment of any particular church was rejected by the Declaration of Independence, the main stream of the American ethos still assumes that America is surely a 'religious' nation, if not a 'Christian' nation, and that we are strong ultimately because 'we are good'. Is this indeed not the righteousness that lies behind our messianism in world affairs? Thus the radicals, in demanding a new dedication to the Kingdom of Justice as the standard for the political Kingdom, are within the deepest traditions of the American ethos above all.

The problem of separation of church and state should not be conceived as a separation of the values of the Kingdom of Heaven from any relevance to the worldly Kingdom (even Niebuhr wasn't that dualistic), but rather a practical separation of the prophetic from the kingly function in society so that they can enter into constant, ongoing relation with each other. The defect of Constantinianism is not that it assumes the relevance of the ethics of the Kingdom of God to the state, but that it co-opts it into a single power structure, so that the prophetic element can no longer function independently, but is confined to blessing the bombs of the present *status quo*.

ROSEMARY RUETHER



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